

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2795.—VOL. CI.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1892.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } BY POST, 6½d.



THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR THIRSK: A NIGHT SCENE.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In an otherwise commendable biography of Tennyson, recently published, there is a paragraph respecting Alexander Smith, the poet, which requires correction. The biographer describes the Laureate as writing to the young writer (at that time a designer in a Glasgow factory) to express his appreciation of the beauties of the "Life Drama." "This was wasted," we are told, "upon the little plagiarist. In the superfluity of his self-conceit, Smith boasted in public that he had received a letter of congratulation from Tennyson and had made it into a spill to light his pipe." This is absolutely false. A very few months after this supposed incident took place my own acquaintance with Alexander Smith began. He had just been made secretary to the Edinburgh University. He was even then so young that it would have been amazing if some of his poetry did not remind one of other poets. A good deal of it was doubtless an echo, however graceful and musical, but he was never a plagiarist. Moreover, notwithstanding the adulation his first book had aroused—enough to turn the brain of most youths in his humble position—he was the most modest poet I have ever known. Such a phrase as "the superfluity of his self-conceit" was absolutely inapplicable to him. For Tennyson he had the greatest admiration, and was capable neither of the folly nor of the bad taste that have thus been imputed to him. The story—though altered almost out of recognition—was founded, I fancy, upon a certain act of patronage conferred by quite another poet (though his name also began with a T) on Alexander Smith, which the young man very naturally resented. When T—observed, "Never mind what the critics say, I like your poems," Smith is said to have replied, "Oh, Sir, do not discourage me!" It may have been rather rude, but not more so than the well-known rejoinder, "I can stand your blame, but not your praise, Crusty Christopher."

The inquiry of the author of the "Elegy"—

For who to dull Despondency a prey
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned?

has been answered by an unfortunate man who has committed suicide close to the poet's tomb. It is curious to contrast the cheerfulness of Gray and his contemporary bards with the melancholy of their present successors. In the case of the former, "the riddle of the painful Earth" hardly seems to have troubled them at all, though there was probably more of wrong and injustice afoot in their days than in these; and as to the question of life being worth living, they preferred, like Denner in "Felix Holt," "to see the game out," however little pleasure they took in it. The thought of another world, which does not now comprehend for us such shocking possibilities as it used to do, no doubt was a consideration with them, but they were certainly more blithe of spirit. Perhaps it was that even men of letters in those days lived more in the open air.

One has often heard of persons being "put to death to slow music," and it is pleasant to find that the assistance of harmony is called in to cure as well as kill. In the programme of an entertainment given by the St. John's Ambulance Association at Hatfield every example of a surgical case was followed by a song or a solo. In each instance there is no doubt an association between the melody chosen and the remedy applied; but it is sometimes a little subtle, and Suggestion has to be tracked to her inmost cell before we get at it. "Treatment of a wound of the scalp, and of severe injury to hand." Song: "The Six Husbands." The accident in question has evidently occurred to a female, and what is probably intended to be conveyed by the song is that such was the skill with which it was treated that it in no way interfered with her subsequent success in matrimony. "Ready treatment of a broken collar-bone and fractured jaw." What follows appears to point to a catastrophe. The treatment seems to have been rough as well as ready, and to have had a fatal result, for the cornet solo that immediately succeeds it is "The Better Land." Though a little discouraging, it is perhaps better for an ambulance society thus to confess to a failure or two than to affect an uninterrupted success. Even the scientific instruments employed by the Association do not remain unsung, and are evidently regarded with a certain affectionate familiarity; for after a successful case of "Bleeding from a wounded artery," we have the triumphant melody of "Our Little Nipper." Sometimes it strikes one that the association is far-fetched, so much so, indeed, that (by the lay reader) it is unrecognisable—as, for example, when "The protection of a broken leg by extemporised splints" is followed by the banjo song "In." If it had been a case of the leg being out and then put back again with a scientific jerk by the whole force of the company, nothing could have been more appropriate. Exception might also be taken to the melody "In Sheltered Vale" immediately succeeding the "Method of restoring breathing in persons apparently suffocated." One would have thought "Over the Hilltops" (where they could get as much air as possible) would have been more appropriate. But these are spots in the sun, and I have no doubt the St. John's Ambulance Association at Hatfield is as useful as it is entertaining.

A "well-dressed young man, described as a pupil-teacher," has got into trouble for twisting the tail of a rhinoceros. This is an experiment often practised upon the British Lion by American politicians for the purpose of securing the Irish vote, but the tail does not come off as it did in this case. At the first blush of this transaction one naturally inquires where is the Anti-Vivisection Committee? No doubt the vivisectionists would reply, as usual, that it did not hurt the rhinoceros, and for once they would be truthful. Both sides of this discussion are curiously wanting in veracity: the one affirms that torture is always produced by the experiments and the other that the anaesthetics employed deaden all sense of pain; whereas there is no doubt there is a margin of torture, which if it were felt by the experimentalists themselves they would loudly admit. But in this case the pupil-teacher "left the court without a stain," so far as cruelty was concerned, for it was only the skeleton of a rhinoceros in the Natural History Museum which was thus subjected to "treatment." He defended himself from the charge of having put the joint of the tail in his pocket on the ground that he was actuated "by motives of scientific research." The anatomical errors into which other students might have been led by seeing the rhinoceros without a tail never seems to have entered his mind. He was fined, of course, but he also ought to have been made liable for all bets made upon the subject by visitors to the Museum in the interim.

Sir Joseph Barnby has been drawing the attention of the London choirs to the importance of articulation. Some of them still slur over their words, it seems, and perhaps even substitute others of their own invention, as in Barham's time, who gives us an example of an anthem (presumably in his own cathedral) set to words which, if not profane, are certainly somewhat conversational—

Oh lawks, here's a precious lark.

The soot has fallen down the chimney and spoilt the Sunday's mutton.

Never mind, wipe it dry with a towel, and nobody will find it out.

Boys will be boys, even choir-boys. As to singing, Sir Joseph regrets to say that even some of our best vocalists do not make themselves intelligible. Henry Russell, among his entertainments, used to give "songs without words," of a different kind from Mendelssohn's, most amusingly illustrative of this practice. With our drawing-room singers, indeed, the sense is so subordinated to sound that one doubts whether some of them give themselves the trouble to learn their words. I knew a lady who for twenty years sang a song with great applause, one verse of which began, "Thou who so gently walkest over me," which should have been "watchest." But neither she nor her audience ever discovered there was anything amiss.

Gamblers are seldom humorists, but, if a correspondent of the *Daily Graphic* is to be believed, the whole administration of Monte Carlo must be full of fun. According to his own account, he had discovered a plan by which he could derive a small but certain income from the tables, whereupon the management "withdrew his card of entry," and forbade him the rooms. The reason they gave was that "he made a serious business of what was only intended for amusement." The idea of the institution of Monte Carlo being established for "amusement," as though it consisted of swings and a roundabout, is delightful. It comprehends, too, that element of surprise in which true humour is said to consist, for who would expect to find Tartuffe at the *rouge-et-noir* table? On the other hand, one does not like the exiled one threatening "to reveal his secret"—presumably for a consideration—"to all persons interested in such games"; not because it shows a desire for revenge, but the hint of an advertisement, which throws discredit upon an otherwise admirable story. If the other gambling resorts had not been closed, the administration would doubtless have paid this ingenious person to patronise them, as the gentleman with the huge appetite used to be bribed by the proprietor of the Hampstead "ordinary" to dine with rival innkeepers on Sundays; but, as matters stand, it would surely have been worth while to give him a place on "the establishment," as the man who could split notes was said to have been made manager of the Bank of Ireland.

In a civilised country it seems incredible that four bands of music should be allowed to play the Dead March in "Saul," sixteen times over, on a single Sunday, under the windows—previously broken to give free passage to the harmony—of a peaceful citizen. It sounds also strange that a mob of 6000 ragamuffins should be permitted to "accompany" this music with shouts of "Scab!" and "Dog!" That the object of this persecution should have committed some outrageous offence that placed him outside the pale of the law would seem obvious to the astonished observer; yet his only crime consisted in the fact that being a bootmaker he had not joined the Bootmakers' Union. One of the banners displayed on the occasion was inscribed with "Civil and Religious Liberty." The law has decided that the bootmakers have not gone "beyond their last," and, indeed, it seems difficult to do it.

"The weakness of appending to their names a long array of letters," we are gravely informed, "is not confined to men of distinction." This statement will hardly be denied. The gentleman to whom we owe the pulling down of the

old Hyde Park palings and the substitution of the present much more suitable ones had, it is true, always M.A. appended to his name, but not, I believe, by his own choice. They were supposed, by those who were not M.A.'s, to give weight to his opinions. As a general rule, the practice of appending letters to one's name is not followed by persons of distinction. Of course, there are some letters—such as V.C. or K.C.B.—which are very honourable; but when there are a lot of them they do not impress the intelligent beholder. They often awaken curiosity, but do not inspire confidence. The assertion, however, that they are "utterly valueless" is calculated to give pain. A good many years ago (and not without a struggle) I managed to get the two letters B.A. appended to my own name; since that hour of triumph I have never used them, nor can I recall a single instance where they have been of the slightest advantage to me; but when a thing has cost one a thousand pounds (at least) one does not like to hear it called "valueless."

A passenger by a Midland train which was kept waiting outside Camden Road Station for three-quarters of an hour makes a singular complaint: "There were twelve people in the carriage all anxious to get home, and all conscious that the stoppage was unusual, yet not a soul of them spoke a word except to ask that the window should be lowered a little." He seems very angry at their "stoical endurance," but why didn't *he* speak? In a Yorkshire train it would not be so unusual, if the old coach story is true of the two brothers who had occupied the same room in that city and were travelling together. When they neared London one of them broke silence for the first time: "I say, Jack, do you know there was a dead body under your bed last night?" "Yes," replied Jack, "I know." Some people "take notice" of things, like intelligent babies, without speaking of them, and no doubt those eleven passengers who said nothing thought the more. If they were constant railway travellers they would know that it was no use to ask questions about a delay; or perhaps they were all composing indignant letters to the *Times*.

It is creditable to the common-sense of our judges that the evidence of experts is not thought very highly of. It is even said in judicial circles that there are three degrees of comparison in false witness—the liar, the blanked liar, and the expert: this is probably an exaggeration, but it shows the tendency of the legal mind. In San Francisco, on the other hand, specialists, even as regards the latest inventions of science, are, it seems, welcomed to the witness-box. The latest example is found in a murder trial. The prisoner had requested an acquaintance to bequeath his property to him, and, on his declining to comply with that modest proposition, had shot him dead. The defence was that the murderer was at the time in the hypnotic state, and a scientific gentleman was called who put him in it again as he stood in the dock, when he went through the whole homicidal performance, just as it had happened, to the entire satisfaction of the audience. This reminds one of a certain famous murder trial in England, where one of the principal witnesses aroused the admiration of all beholders by his simple and straightforward evidence. The counsel was afterwards congratulated upon the skill with which he put such vital questions and invited such convincing replies. "Oh, it was not so much that," he answered modestly, "but the fact is, I had the old fellow to breakfast with me, and we rehearsed the whole thing before he went into court."

At Nice science has not got quite so far in the law courts as hypnotism, but is content to put up with somnambulism. It is quite refreshing to see one's old friend the sleep-walker set on his legs again, and once more taken seriously. On this occasion the prisoner had attempted a double murder upon persons in two different rooms. As he had got up and dressed himself in order to do it, and performed the first crime with a knife and the second with a revolver, he must, if the contention of his counsel be correct, have been very fast asleep indeed; that he also "walked twice up and down the corridor, apparently to see if he was observed" before commencing business, was dwelt upon by his adversaries as rather a wide-awake proceeding; but no less than three experts gave evidence in his favour. As a ground of defence for murderers, this seems a really dangerous precedent, for whatever doubts a few persons of intelligence may still entertain about hypnotism, it is certain that some people do walk in their sleep. It is curious that Macbeth, who thought so much of his sleep, and whose wife made a practice of walking in it, has never had this plea put forward for him.

The gentlemen who tell us that Englishmen do not write good short stories had better read "The Great Shadow," by Dr. Conan Doyle, if their opinion is worth changing. It is really a marvellous little volume, and the best shilling's-worth, except "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," that has ever been in the book market. There is a "go" and vigour in it from first to last, as though a runner should be "sprinting" all the way, and yet not a sentence that has not been well considered. When one reads the early portion of the story, one thinks it can scarcely be bettered; but in the end comes Waterloo, which, though told in a chapter or two, may bear comparison with the descriptions of the same battle written in blood and fire by Victor Hugo or Erckmann-Chatrian.

"KING LEAR."

BY EDWARD DOWDEN.

In reading the greatest tragedy of all literature once again, upon the eve of Mr. Irving's approaching triumph at the Lyceum Theatre, I find the dominant impression to be that of awe in presence of the power which has subdued to order such a stupendous conflict of the elements. Were not this order everywhere present, "King Lear" could be no true work of art: it is a masterpiece of art; and yet the working of the sea in tempest is not more wide and wild, the march of the earthquake is hardly more irresistible in its ruining force. In no other tragedy are the dissonances so violent; yet, if we enter into its spirit aright, we feel that its dissonances are subdued, and there is a solution at the close. The moral motives of the drama may be expressed in a few words: they are the blind rejection of love—love made an alien and an outcast; the temporary triumph of unnatural hate; the onset and the victory of love; love's trial and cruel testing-time; its ultimate conquest, and the seal of death set upon that conquest. Lear dies upon the rack; but he dies as a believer in that which is best and most real in human life. Instead of rejecting the love which will not flatter, he now embraces it as his most precious, his only possession; instead of turning a deaf ear to the "low sound" of Cordelia's speech which "reverbs no hollowness," he hangs piteously over her body, hoping to catch some word of the voice that was "ever soft, gentle, and low." Cordelia lies dead in his arms; but she has achieved something higher than the restoration of her father to his throne; she has restored him to love; she has accomplished the good work of a life; even in his agony it is love that delivers over the afflicted old man to the great calm of death. And in spite of all the material suffering and the rending of the heartstrings, this in the truest sense is victory.

To recognise the meaning of the tragic close of the play is to enter in a special sense into sympathy with Shakspeare. In the old play, from which Shakspeare derived several touches, Lear is reinstated in his kingdom, and Cordelia, after a season of repose near her father, returns or is about to return with her husband to France. The design was deliberately altered by our great dramatist. Dr. Johnson declares that the public has decided in favour of a happy ending: "Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity"; and Johnson goes on to confess that many years previously he had been so shocked by Cordelia's death that he knew not whether he ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play until he undertook to revise them as an editor. It is a lesson in the variations, and, let us hope, in the growth of public taste, to acquaint oneself with Nahum Tate's version of the play, which held the stage from the days of Betterton to the days of Kean, and which could not possibly be presented in our own time. The victorious Lear resigns his throne to the lovers Edgar and Cordelia, and resolves to retire with Kent and Gloucester to some quiet hermitage from which he may observe the prosperous reign of the "celestial pair." As the curtain is about to fall, Edgar, one of the "celestial pair," addresses his partner in felicity—

Divine Cordelia, all the Gods can witness
How much thy Love to Empire I prefer!
Thy bright Example shall convince the World
(Whatever Storms of Fortune are decreed)
That Truth and Virtue shall at last succeed.

It is satisfactory to think that, while the passage of the years has widened the temporal gulf between us and the greatest poet of our race, we are in spirit nearer to Shakspeare at this moment than were our ancestors who were separated from him by less than a century. Some courage was needed on the part of Addison, who was so often right in his judgments on literature, to pronounce in "The Spectator" that "King Lear" is an admirable tragedy as Shakspeare wrote it. "As it is reformed," he adds, "according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty."

That Lear may be capable of enduring his agony, he is conceived as of great bodily strength; he is fourscore and upwards, but he is hard to kill. He outlives the night of drenching rain and driving wind; he confronts the elements almost as if he were their equal. In his last hour he has strength to strike dead the murderer of Cordelia. And yet the force of a man past his eightieth year is always encompassed with weakness. The bodily strain, however, to which Lear is subjected is as nothing compared with his mental anguish; and Shakspeare has made him not only powerful in his passions but prone to augment these by a certain breadth and splendour of imagination. Even in the opening scene of the play this last feature is strongly enforced. As the map of his territories lies before him, he sees no bare chart, but a vision of all the opulence of meadow and wood and water—

Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champaigns rich,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady.

What a breadth, what a glow there are in the words! And when Kent would interpose on behalf of his youngest daughter, the King in his passion is almost a poet as much as a king: "Come not between the dragon and his wrath," "The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft." We question whether it is Lear or old Walter Savage Landor in his leonine wrath who expresses himself with such majestic and imaginative concinnity. It is this grandeur of imagination which enables him afterwards to incorporate, as it were, with his own huge affliction the ancient powers of heaven and earth—

O heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down and take my part.

And there is nothing more pathetic in the scene of Lear's awakening in the tent with Cordelia by his side than the complete disappearance of this imaginative power. All his energy of mind is spent, and as he comes to himself he finds that he is only an old man, very weak, and needing love as much as if he were a little child. It is the pathos of a gentle autumn morning between two tempests.

Charles Lamb has spoken of the impossibility of presenting

the King upon the stage with the same imaginative effect experienced by a reader of the play. But Garrick produced a profound impression as Lear, and Edmund Kean carried away the spectators by the irresistible passion of his genius. It is the Fool who is the greatest difficulty of the stage director, for while the part is not a large one, it demands an actor of the finest gifts and subtlest art. Where is one to find a minor actor who can personate a will-o'-the-wisp possessed of a human heart as tender almost as a woman's heart, possessed of a fidelity to the death which shines steadfast amid the shifting lights and leaping coruscations of the brain?

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MDLLE. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN.

By command of her Majesty the Queen, the Carl Rosa Opera Company gave a performance of Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment" at Balmoral Castle on Tuesday, Nov. 8. The choice of the opera was easy to understand. It used to be a favourite with her Majesty in the days when Jenny Lind was the exponent of the title-role, and, indeed, it is more than probable that the Queen had not forgotten the exciting incidents of the season of 1847, when the début of the "Swedish Nightingale" created such intense interest. For the past two or three years "The Daughter of the



Photo by Robinson, Dublin.

MDLLE. DE LUSSAN AS MARIA IN "THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT."

Regiment" has formed one of the most popular items in the repertory of the Carl Rosa Company—a fact due unquestionably to the charming impersonation of Mdle. Zélie de Lussan, who, as a matter of course, undertook the part of Maria in the representation given at Balmoral. Londoners have had no opportunity as yet of witnessing her embodiment, though, if we are not mistaken, it was one of the first successes achieved by the young American soprano when she sang with the opera company known as the "Boston Ideals." Donizetti's melodious little work has not been revived at Covent Garden for many years, and Mdle. de Lussan only made her début at that house (and in this country) so recently as 1888, when, it will be remembered, she appeared in the most familiar and successful of all her assumptions—that of Carmen.

THE RAILWAY DISASTER AT THIRSK.

A terrible railway disaster, causing the loss of ten lives, occurred near Thirsk, in Yorkshire, on the North-Eastern line, early in the morning of Wednesday, Nov. 2, to the night express train which had left Edinburgh for London at half-past ten on the Tuesday evening. At the Manor House siding, three miles north of Thirsk, this train, which was going at full speed, ran into a goods train from Middlesbrough that had been stopping at the station. There was a dense fog; the signalman, James Holmes, being fatigued, had dropped asleep a few minutes, and omitted to signal for the goods train to move off the line. His youngest child had died the day before, and he had told the station-master, asking to be excused that night, but no substitute could be found. He went on duty at eight o'clock in the evening, after being at home since six o'clock in the morning. When roused at the approach of the express train, he made a signal that the line was clear, but forgot that the goods train was there. The collision that ensued threw all the carriages, except the

Pullman sleeping-car, off the rails; they were piled together, and soon caught fire from the engine. The passengers killed at once were Mr. R. M. Boyle, Mr. Hugh Brodie, and Mr. J. H. Lee, of London; Captain D. A. McLeod, of the 42nd Highlanders; Mr. J. Boswell Hill, of Edinburgh; Mr. James Anderson, of Dundee; Miss McCulloch, of Dumbartonshire, with her niece, a little girl named Lottie Hamilton; and Mrs. Alexander McKenzie, of Edinburgh. Mr. James Buchanan, of Cardross, Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, was dangerously injured; and so was Ewart, the driver of the express. The guard of the goods train, George Petch, was killed. Provost Sutherland, of Bathgate, Lady Stewart, and other passengers were more or less hurt. The Marquis of Tweeddale and the Marquis of Huntly, in the Pullman carriage, escaped serious hurt.

THE COLUMBUS CELEBRATION IN SPAIN.

The series of commemorative festivities and ceremonials, attended by the Queen-Regent of Spain and the infant King Alfonso XIII., at Huelva and Palos and in the neighbouring monastery of La Rabida or Rabat, upon the occasion of the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, has been described in former notices. A correspondent, one of the officers of the British squadron which took part in the naval international courtesies at this royal visit, when the vessel constructed in imitation of the ancient caravel Santa Maria, in which Columbus sailed, lay at the mouth of the Huelva River, made several sketches of these proceedings, and has favoured us by placing them at our disposal. One represents the scene in the chapel of the Rabida monastery on Oct. 12, when the Queen-Regent and the young King attended the religious service performed by the Archbishop of Seville and the Bishops of Lugo and Badajoz, assisted by six Franciscan friars. The second is that of the inauguration of the superb monument erected to commemorate the discovery of America. The young King appears here seated in a chair, his mother the Queen-Regent standing beside him, under a lofty canopy of red velvet emblazoned with the arms of Spain, while the Bishop of Lugo is pronouncing an eloquent discourse on the achievement of Columbus, after which the Archbishop of Seville gave his benediction to the monument. Our third illustration is a view of this monument, the upper part of which, above the two projecting rostra or beaks of classical antique ships, consists of a lofty pillar supporting a royal crown, a globe, a cross, and the Spanish flag; in the background of this view lies the caravel Santa Maria.

RESTORATION OF
THE SCHLOSSKIRCHE AT
WITTENBERG.

The ceremony performed by the German Emperor William II., King of Prussia, at Wittenberg, on Monday, Oct. 31, the reopening of the Schlosskirche after its complete and splendid architectural restoration at the cost of the Prussian Royal Government, a work projected by the Emperor William I. in 1883, but mainly carried on by his son, then Crown Prince, the late Emperor Frederick III., was an event of great interest to Protestant Germany.

The church attached to the Schloss or Castle of Wittenberg was built, towards the end of the fifteenth century, by Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony, on the site of the ancient Schloss or Burg. In the Seven Years' War, at the bombardment of Wittenberg by the Austrians, in 1760, the church was set on fire and was partially destroyed, including the old doors. Wittenberg, with a large portion of Saxon territory, was annexed to the kingdom of Prussia in 1814, after the defeat of Napoleon; and King Frederick William III. repaired the church, which was reconsecrated in 1817. The celebration, in 1846, of the tercentenary of the death of Luther was made the occasion, by King Frederick William IV., for commencing large works of restoration and additional memorials of the Reformation at Wittenberg. These included the fabrication of the bronze doors, with highly artistic decorations of the portal, figures of Christ, of Luther and Melancthon, of the Electors Frederick and John of Saxony; that work was finished and unveiled in 1858. The main architectural restoration, almost a rebuilding of the principal structure, had been deferred until a recent period. The bronze doors, substituted in 1858 for the original wooden doors to which Luther nailed his paper, and inscribed, in Gothic letters, with the Latin text of his "Theses," remain as they were.

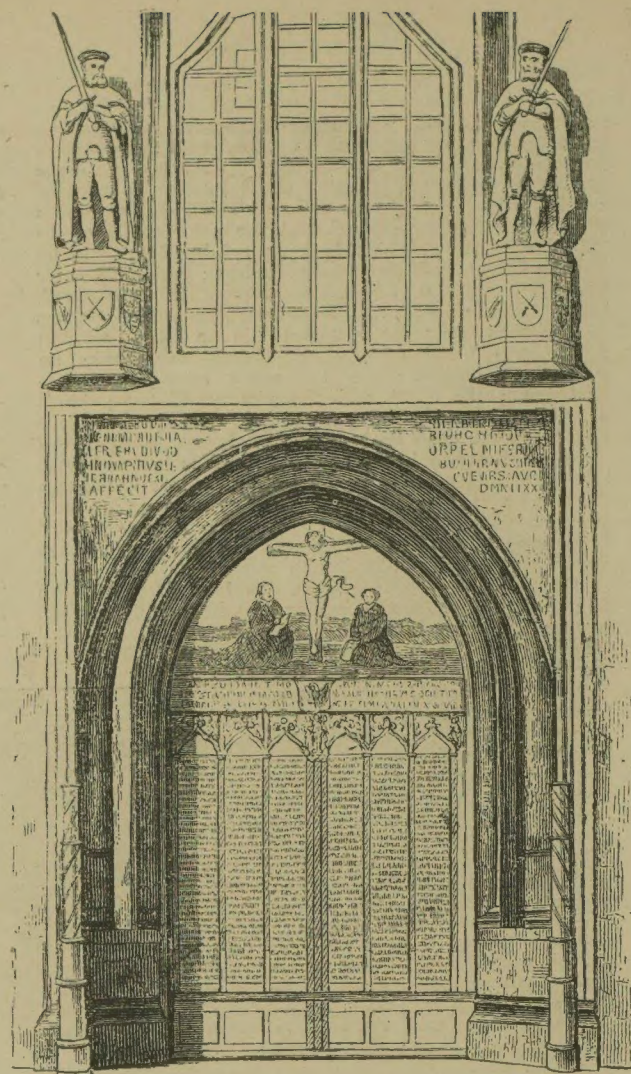
The interior has been reconstructed by Herr Groth with faithful adherence to the main design of the original edifice, but with an effect which must be nobler and more beautiful; the stone roof, vaulted and deeply ribbed, supported by fourteen pillars, is decorated all over with fresco painting; there is a gallery of stone, and eight stained-glass windows in the nave. Over the graves of Luther and Melancthon, which were formerly covered by the floor, stone tombs, of the sarcophagus form, have been placed, with the inscribed bronze tablets raised to the top of each of them. The altar, of white stone, a triple design, rising from the coloured pavement of the choir, is a masterpiece of delicate artistic fabrication.

The proceedings at the opening and reconsecration of this church were briefly related last week. The Emperor and Empress, accompanied by representatives of all the Protestant States of Germany and Northern Europe, attended the religious service, and subsequently went to the Luther Hall at the University, where a formal record of this act was signed. A procession of twenty groups of historical figures in costume, including that of "Luther's Car," or, more properly, "the Reformation Car," and illustrating the history of Wittenberg for seven centuries, went past in sight of their Majesties. The Luther Festival Play was performed in the afternoon in the riding-school of the cavalry barracks. The illustrious visitors were entertained at a State banquet, where the Emperor made a speech, declaring his firm attachment to the Evangelical faith and to the principles of religious freedom.



LUTHER BURNING THE POPE'S BULL AT WITTENBERG.

FROM THE PICTURE BY C. F. LESSING.



EAST END OF THE RESTORED SCHLOSSKIRCHE.



THE HISTORICAL PROCESSION: THE LUTHER CAR.



THE CROWN PRINCE PLACING A WREATH ON LUTHER'S TOMB.



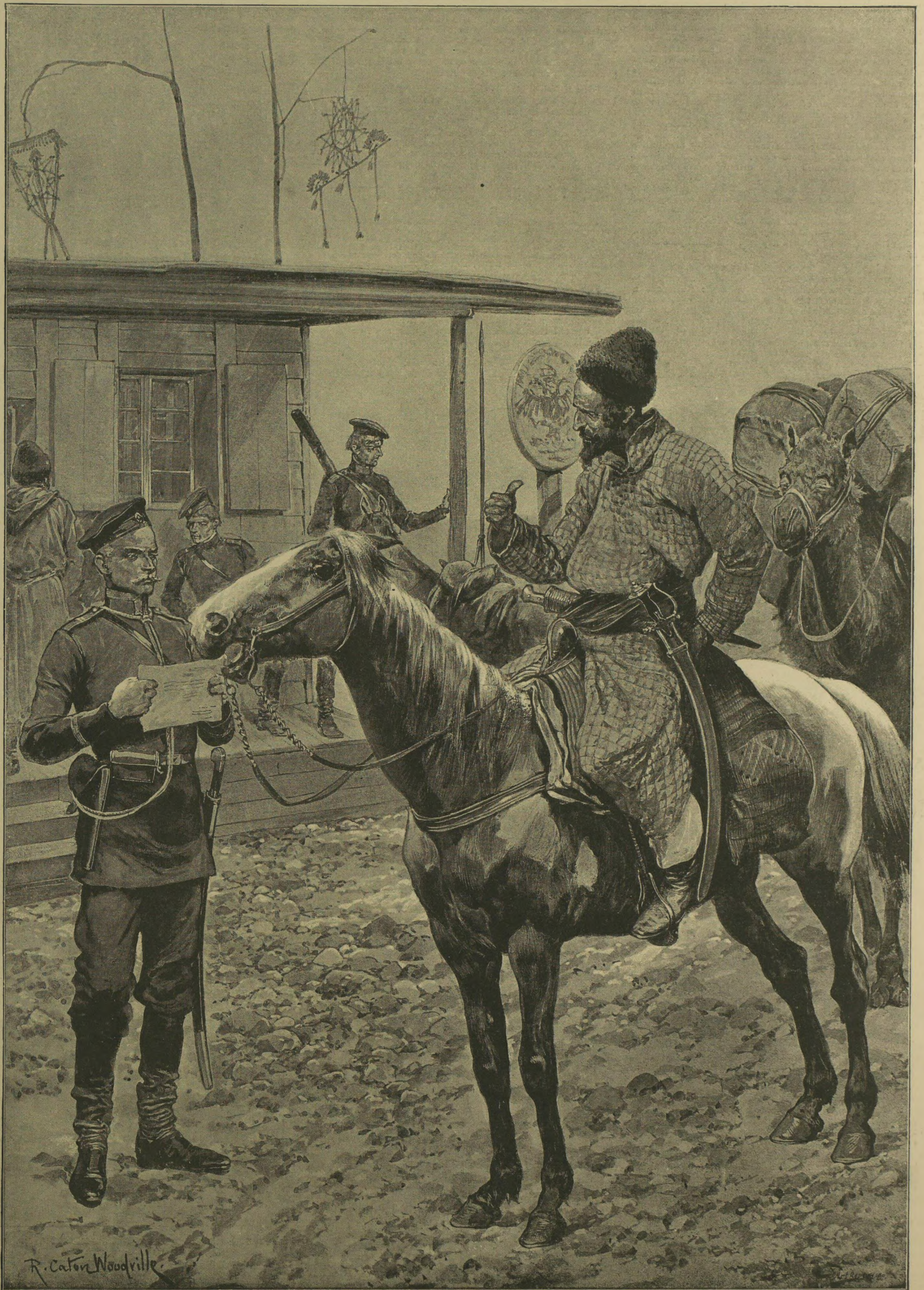
THE LUTHER PLAY.



LUTHER SHOWING HIS "THESES" ON THE DOOR OF THE OLD SCHLOSSKIRCHE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY C. KOCH.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S VISIT TO WITTENBERG THE LUTHER CELEBRATION.



A COSSACK POST ON THE RUSSO-AFGHAN FRONTIER.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. C. G. Bruce, Lord Aberdare's son, has accompanied Mr. W. M. Conway in the latter's sensational mountaineering exploits about the Muztagh range, on the extreme northern frontier of India, and some extracts of Mr. Bruce's letters appear in the new number of the "Proceedings" of the Royal Geographical Society. Of Nagar and Hunza, the scene of the recent "little war," he says: "The cultivation of both places is simply extraordinary, and the system of irrigation perfect. Conway considers that some of the main irrigation canals must be five or six hundred years old. The valley is dotted with great forts like a Norman castle, with the village grouped all around them, so that the people can always retire within the fort in case of necessity. The forts are very strongly built, so much so that in the attack on Nilt our mountain guns were found to be quite useless, and gun-cotton and a storming party had to do the work. Everything here is so immense: passes from one valley to another take four, five, and six days to cross. Imagine Mont Blanc put on to another mountain without making much difference in its appearance, and you will get some idea of the country. The deep valleys, however, are utterly different from anything in Europe. An African desert crumpled up into valleys and rocky precipices describes their scenery, the bottoms of the valleys stony and sandy and, except where irrigated, without a blade of anything—most trying to walk or ride through, although the people of the country ride at a great pace along the most precipitous paths."

In this lofty mountainous region the now popular game of polo is said to have had its origin, and Mr. Bruce thus describes a match at hockey which he saw: "There is a capital polo ground of the native shape, but it is a most blowing game, 8000 ft. above the sea. At the beginning of the game and after every goal both sides start from the same goal and tear down the middle of the ground yelling. When they arrive in the middle the man who holds the ball throws it up in the air and hits off without stopping his pace; and then the scrimmage begins, sticks flying all over the place. Everyone hits as hard as he can and whirles the

for some years adorned the House of Commons and the National Liberal Club. He is a shrewd, well-to-do trader, whose dry manner and slow, deliberate speech conceal (or display) a good deal of Scottish wisdom and knowledge of the world. Mr. Esslemont will make an excellent Chairman of the Fishery Board, and, as he is a Scot of Scots, his appointment ought to be a popular one. He is not an orator, but he usually contrived to say something to the point on the occasions when his rather solemn face presented itself to the Speaker's view. He was a good deal liked for his sense, and even for a solemn kind of fun which occasionally broke through the grave barrier of his everyday manner.

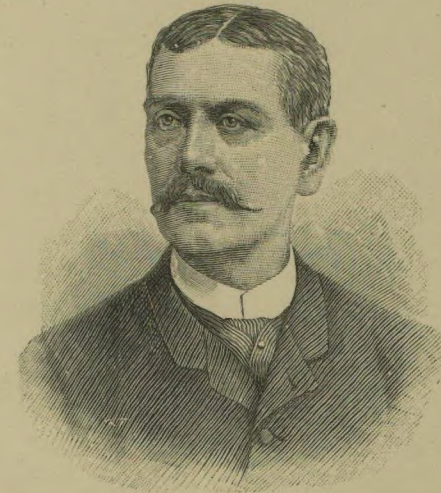
Dean Hole has added to his many accomplishments—which include the fact that he is one of the tallest deans in England, that he is one of the best pulpit orators, and that he has written one of the best of books on roses—the authorship of a very charming volume of "Memories." The book teems with good stories, for Dr. Hole seems to have known nearly all the famous and interesting men in his generation. Among countless reminiscences, here is one of an early—a very early—Gladstone—

Both schools had a holiday to celebrate the election of "young Mr. Gladstone" as the Conservative member for Newark. He came to us with a great reputation, having just taken his "Double First" at Oxford, and I have a most vivid remembrance of the spot on which I first saw him, of his gentle manners, and of his kind, thoughtful, intellectual face. From that day, and for more than half a century, he was of all public men the one whom I most admired and revered. I read, believed, and still believe, a book which he wrote, in the maturity of his manhood and the fullness of his faith, to defend that connection between the Church and the State which was threatened, he said, by the infidel, the Romanist, the professor of political economy, and the democrat.

The *Pall Mall*'s competition for the Laureateship has ended in a patent absurdity. Two obscure gentlemen—a Mr. Eric Mackay and a Mr. Gilbert-Smith—have been returned at the head of the poll, apparently because a number of friends concentrated their votes on them and also, apparently, sent in duplicate cards. On the other hand, Mr. Swinburne and all the really notable names in English poetry obtained utterly trifling percentages of votes. Thus Mr. Mackay obtained 43 per cent. and Mr. Smith 30 per cent., against Mr. Swin-

impassioned, and always pathetic. Mr. Brandram's voice was capable of much variation of tone, and he was, in a word, a genuine actor and artist. His career was a uniformly successful one, for he was a favourite both in London and in the provinces, and he made it a point to devote a goodly proportion of his recitations to charity. He was not an old man, and death found him in full enjoyment of his very charming and refined gift.

M. Hervé, the gifted and genial opéra-bouffe composer, died suddenly in Paris on Nov. 5. He was a musician of varied



THE LATE M. HERVÉ.

accomplishments, and virtually the inventor of the class of operatic entertainment with which his own name and that of Offenbach were most closely identified. That he was surpassed by his rival few will be prepared to deny; yet he achieved with his "Chilpéric" and his "Petit Faust" triumphs little, if aught, inferior to those of "La Grande Duchesse" and "La Belle Hélène." Some of his tunes were irresistibly catchy, and if his ensembles occasionally degenerated into an orgie of sound his instrumentation was always remarkable for its tasteful character and appropriate colour. The pity was that he went on long enough to outlive his popularity. That had come about in Paris before he undertook the post of conductor at the Empire Theatre, when it was converted into a music-hall. Here he produced some charming ballet music, and was for a time very successful. On his return to Paris he began writing opéra-bouffe again, and, beyond doubt, it was the quasi-failure of his "Bacchanale" that hastened the end. Anyhow, it is said that when he was found dying in his chair he was holding in his hand a newspaper containing an adverse criticism of the new piece.

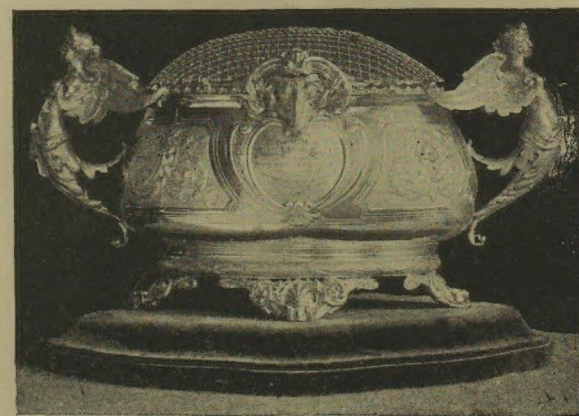
Our portrait of the late M. Hervé is from a photograph by Messrs. Benque and Co., of Paris; and our view of H.M.S. Howe by Messrs. Symonds and Co., of Portsmouth.

STRANDING OF H.M.S. HOWE AT FERROL.

On Wednesday, Nov. 2, at midday, the Channel Squadron was entering the port of Ferrol, on the north coast of Spain. H.M.S. Howe, a first-class battle-ship, drawing nearly 28 ft. of water, was going at the speed of seven knots an hour, and passing through a channel two cable-lengths wide between the Pereiro reef and the Palma, when she struck on the Pereiro reef; her hull, on the port side, was pierced by two rocks, and two compartments filled with water. Attempts were made to lighten her and get her off; but early in the morning of Nov. 4 she suddenly heeled over far to starboard, so that her bow was completely submerged, and she was filled by the sea. Operations for securing her, with seven cables and anchors, were continued two or three days longer by the squadron under command of Vice-Admiral Fairfax. The Spanish naval and local authorities promptly gave their assistance. It was decided to employ the Neptune Salvage Company, whose steamer the Belos, with the useful machinery and apparatus, has left for Ferrol to remove the heavy guns, patch up the hull, in which there is a hole 30 ft. long and 3 ft. or 4 ft. wide, and, if possible, tow the ship into dock at Ferrol. The Howe, a new ironclad twin-screw ship of the "Admiral" class, was built at Pembroke Dockyard, costing £560,000 for the hull and £106,000 for engines and machinery; she carried four 67-ton guns en barbette. She was commissioned in May 1890, at Portsmouth, under command of Captain H. H. Boys, with a crew of five hundred men. The disaster has not been attended with any loss of life; but it will, even if the ship be saved, have caused a heavy expense.

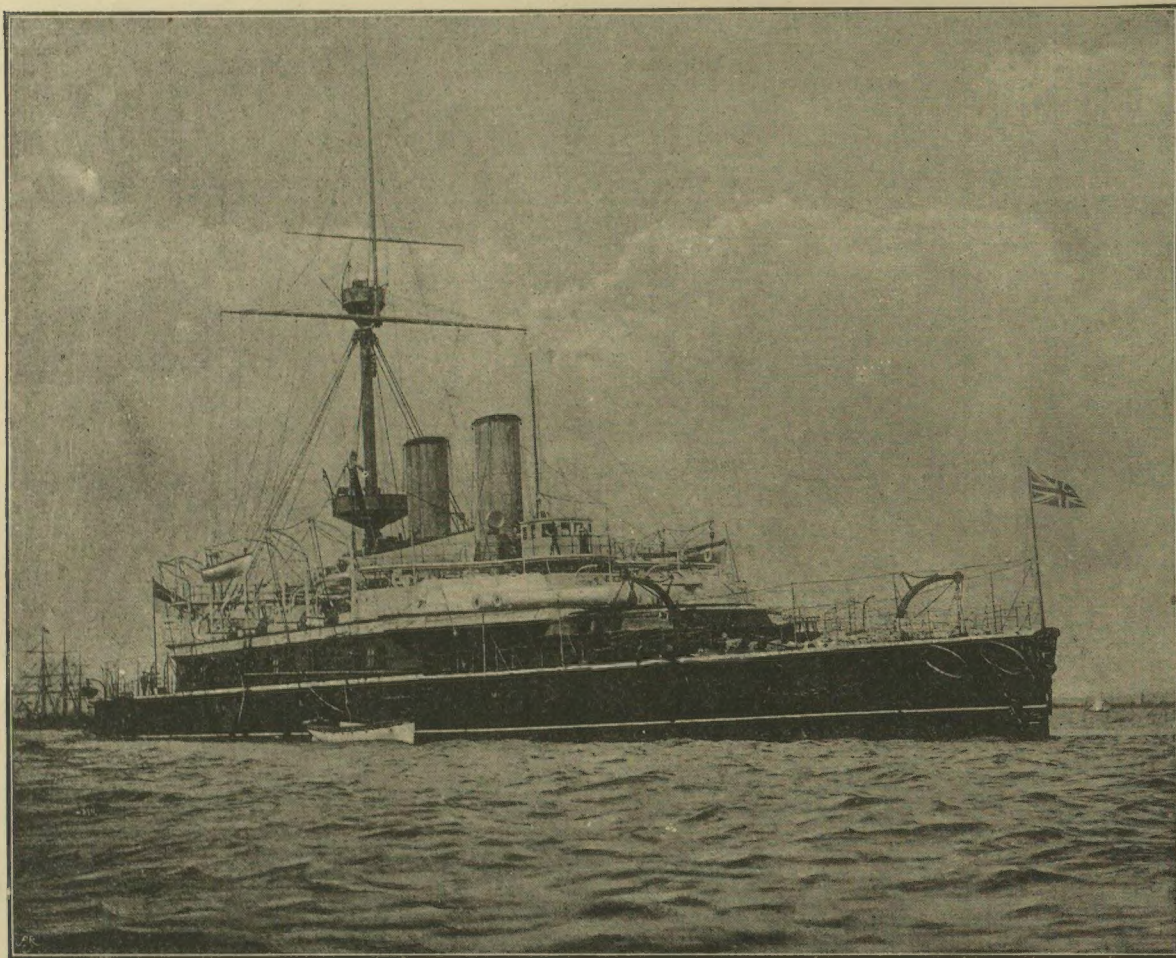
PRESENTATION TO MR. THOMAS JOHNSTON, J.P.

Even the fiercest struggles of political life have their compensations, and it is always pleasant to find arduous efforts recognised cordially by those on whose behalf they were made. An agreeable incident of this kind occurred at the National Liberal Club on Oct. 25, when the handsome solid silver jardinière of which we give an illustration, together with an



TESTIMONIAL TO MR. THOMAS JOHNSTON, J.P.

illuminated address, was presented to Mr. Thomas Johnston, J.P., by Liberals of the Sevenoaks Division of Kent, in recognition of his services to the party as candidate at the recent General Election. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre occupied the chair, and referred to Mr. Johnston's services in eulogistic terms. The piece of presentation plate, which is an admirable example of silversmiths' work, was both designed and executed in excellent style by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent Street, W.



H.M.S. HOWE, WHICH HAS BEEN STRANDED AT FERROL, NORTH COAST OF SPAIN.

stick round his head. In Gilgith we've had nearly as many men in hospital from hockey as from everything else put together."

General sympathy will be felt for Mr. Sydney Buxton, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, in the loss of his wife. Mrs. Buxton was staying with her children at her seaside house at Cromer when, as a remedy against sleeplessness and acute nervous headache, she took an overdose of chloroform. She was found dead in her bed on the morning of Nov. 3. She was a daughter of Sir John Lubbock, and was a lady of much refinement, gentleness and sweetness of temper, and intelligence. She had lately written and published a little book on Bible history from the historical and scientific point of view, and she was much interested in her husband's literary and social work. She was well known in the East-End, where her ready sympathies and charming character won her many friends. Her funeral took place on Nov. 8, at Hatchford, near Cobham, Surrey, where Mr. Buxton's mother, Mrs. Charles Buxton, has a seat.

Mr. Asquith's presence at the Guildhall (writes a correspondent) gives him a position in the Ministry as its spokesman on a ceremonial occasion which, though not specially prized by the present Government, is still of some importance. The fact is, indeed, that no member of the Cabinet has made more rapid advances than the Home Secretary; and to-day it is quite common to hear his name linked with that of Lord Rosebery as the future leader of the party. As leader in the Commons the majority would certainly prefer him to Mr. Morley. Mr. Asquith is much more at home in the House than the Chief Secretary, he takes a more keen and practical interest in politics, and he has better health and a more even temper. He is doing very well at the Home Office, where his tact, progressive instincts, and ready ability to discern the way the tide is running are winning him many friends. With adroitness, he may find that the ball is at his feet.

Mr. Peter Esslemont, the member for East Aberdeenshire, is resigning his seat in consequence of his appointment as Chairman of the Scottish Fishery Board. Mr. Esslemont has

burne's 6, Mr. William Morris's 1 and a fraction, and Mr. Coventry Patmore's and Miss Christina Rossetti's less than 1 per cent. By-the-way, it is curious that so little notice has been taken of Mr. Bailey, the author of that over-lengthy but very fine poem, "Festus," which, when it first appeared, more than forty years ago, excited the admiration of nearly the whole literary world. "Festus" is, indeed, an English "Faust" of no small poetic and philosophical merit, and it is packed with effective and epigrammatic phrases, some of which have passed into the language. It contains, moreover, some very lovely lyrics. Its length is forbidding, and in later editions the author has unwisely added to it. But with all its defects it is a very great poem.

It is a curious and interesting fact that Mr. Gladstone and Wordsworth were very well acquainted. The poet used often to dine with the statesman when the latter was living in chambers at the Albany, and among other subjects Wordsworth used occasionally to discuss Tennyson, basing his opinion on the earlier poems. The great man's judgment was then very unfavourable, though before 1850 he had occasion largely to modify it. Tennyson, however, had at that time only published the work which was kindly, but also very frankly, criticised by Professor Wilson ("Christopher North") in *Blackwood*. Christopher's admirable article was keenly resented by Tennyson, though it did much to establish his poetic fame, but it was more friendly than were his predecessor's earlier views of his work.

The art of recitation loses perhaps its most distinguished English exponent in Mr. Samuel Brandram, who died rather suddenly of blood-poisoning at his house in Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square, on Nov. 7. Mr. Brandram took to recitation when other resources failed him, for he was originally designed for the Bar, to which he was called. Mr. Brandram had every qualification for his part. He was a man of excellent presence, dignified and agreeable, his voice was of clear and silvery quality, and he knew admirably how far in the way of dramatic manner and action a reciter in evening dress could venture to go. Nothing could have been better than his rendering of Hamlet; it was full of colour, stately, at times

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen is to return to Windsor Castle on Saturday, Nov. 19, for a stay of about four weeks, after which she will go to Osborne until the end of February.

The Queen received, on Nov. 7, the gratifying intelligence of the safe confinement of her Majesty's granddaughter, Princess Louis of Battenberg (Princess Victoria of Hesse), and of the birth of a son, the Queen's thirteenth great-grandchild.

The Prince of Wales celebrated his fifty-first birthday at Sandringham on Nov. 9. The alterations at Sandringham rendered necessary by the fire which occurred a year ago are now (says the *Times*) practically completed. The portion of the house that was destroyed has been rebuilt, and is provided with iron and concrete floors and roofs; various additional rooms have been added and other improvements made, while every care has been taken to provide against further damage by fire. A considerable addition has been made on the south side of the house by the erection of two additional storeys over the bowling alley and billiard-room, to be called "The Bachelors' Wing." About eighteen new rooms have thus been added, and various additions have been made to other portions of the house. Extensive alterations and enlargements have also been made to what has hitherto been known as the Bachelors' Cottage, situated a short distance from Sandringham House, so as to form a private residence for the Duke of York. It will in future be called the Duke of York's Cottage.

There is no foundation whatever (says *Truth*) for the report, which is being so persistently circulated, that the Prince of Wales contemplates visiting the Chicago Exhibition; nor is it true that there has been any idea of the Duke of York crossing the Atlantic next year.

Among the questions occupying the Cabinet Councils is said to be that of an amnesty to the imprisoned dynamiters. It is probable that an act of grace to some of these men will be deemed consistent with the policy of the Government, but it is not to be supposed that a general jail-delivery of Irish prisoners would command the approval of Mr. Gladstone's supporters. Mr. Redmond has lately asserted the purity of motive which actuated the dynamiters, but the most persuasive rhetoric will not convince the public that it is right to liberate such a miscreant as Thomas Gallagher, for instance, whose purity of motive took the shape of a nitro-glycerine factory which, but for the vigilance of the police, would have spread the most frightful destruction. It is not easy to defend the political assassin, but the dynamiter who coolly

The Home Secretary has done a useful thing by putting in operation the clause of last year's Factory Act which requires factory and workshop owners to furnish a list of their out-workers. This step means a closer inspection of that home work which is the chief stimulus to sweating. The only effectual remedy is to prohibit this form of domestic employment, but a summary measure of that kind would entail a good deal of hardship.

A great strike among the Lancashire cotton operatives has thrown more than fifty thousand hands out of work. Masters and men have been unable to agree upon a reduction of wages, and the operatives have taken the most drastic means of checking the output in the hope that prices will rise and work become brisk again. The idea is that overproduction is the cause of all the mischief, and that when the existing stocks are sold out the spindles may be set merrily going without any more suggestions about lowering wages. This calculation seems rather optimistic in the present outlook of Lancashire trade, and in any event there must be a prolonged interval of suffering.

The Church Association has drawn up a plan of action in view of the Archbishop of Canterbury's judgment in the Lincoln case. This means a fresh agitation for the restriction of episcopal powers, and most notably for the establishment of parish councils to regulate Church affairs. That Parliament, which may have to consider the establishment of parish councils for the transaction of the local secular affairs, will set up local bodies for ecclesiastical administration is more than doubtful. The secession of the vicar of New Malden from the Church of England on account of his antipathy to Ritualism is supposed by some to be a portent.

A trial recalling the great pearl case in some of its features has excited a good deal of public interest. Mrs. Leader brought an action for slander against Mrs. Smyth, who had accused her of stealing a diamond brooch. A brooch, possibly of similar form, was sold by Mrs. Leader to a jeweller without any attempt at concealment, and her case was that it was given to her as a wedding present. A number of witnesses swore that they had seen it in her possession; but Mrs. Smyth contended that it was stolen from her bed-room when Mrs. Leader made a morning call. The jury found for the plaintiff, with £500 damages—rather a severe rebuke to hasty assumption.

Among topics of political interest to the European Continent, the projected augmentation of the German imperial army, and the opposition to it in several of the German States, as a measure involving an additional yearly expenditure of £3,200,000 sterling, is regarded as most important. Prince Bismarck, in an interview with Dr. Hans Blum, the leader of the Saxon National Liberal party, reported in a Leipzig paper, denounces the Imperial Army Bill as unnecessary; for he says it is most improbable that Germany will ever have to wage war at once with France and with Russia; he believes that no war can break out within the next two or three years; France, as a Republic, is incomparably more peaceful, and less ready to strike, than she was, or than she would be, under any form of monarchy. "The great and universal and sincere desire of the French people is for peace." In Russia "nobody wants war but the Press, the Poles, and the Jews; not the Czar—he is a cautious gentleman who asks for nothing but peace and quiet at home." It is absurd to talk of any immediate danger of war either with France or

Russia, says Prince Bismarck; and the conquest, in any case, would not be assured by mere numbers. Battles will never be fought by millions of armed men, but at most by two or three hundred thousand, and the victory will depend on good leadership and superior tactics. The old Emperor William, Moltke, and Roon knew their business when they made a three-years term of service the foundation of the German military system, and the proposed two-years system is highly objectionable. And how is the tremendous increase of expenditure to be met? Not by further contributions from the Federal States: they cannot do it, and the attempt to force them would provoke throughout the empire a discontent which might have serious consequences. Prince Bismarck will not attend the meeting of the German Diet, but his opinions will go far to strengthen the opposition to the Emperor's policy.

An atrocious dynamite outrage, by which five persons were killed, was perpetrated on Tuesday, Nov. 8, at the Paris offices of the Carmaux Mining Company, 11, Avenue de l'Opéra, probably with the intention to take vengeance on the directors for the punishment of the rioters at Carmaux. A large metal pot, closed with a band of sheet-iron, was found soon after eleven in the forenoon laid at the door of the company's offices on the first floor. One of the company's messengers and the concierge removed it, and fetched three policemen, who carried it, suspended in a napkin, to the police-station in the Rue des Bons Enfants. It was there laid on a table, and presently exploded, killing a policeman, the secretary of the police-station, the inspector, and Garin, the Carmaux Company's messenger; another policeman died of heart disease.

The General Elections in Italy have returned 325 members of the Ministerial party to the new Chamber of Deputies, against 101 of the Opposition and Radical parties, several leaders of the latter having lost their seats.

The newly elected Belgian Chambers, specially authorised to consider the proposed changes in the Constitution, were opened by King Leopold II. on Nov. 8 at Brussels, and will consider a proposal to establish household suffrage, that of universal suffrage, being rejected. The publisher of an Anarchist journal has been condemned to two years' imprisonment. Riotous street meetings took place at Brussels in the evening, and a mob gathered in front of the King's palace, but were dispersed by mounted gendarmes.

In Canada, on Nov. 4, the trial of Mr. Mercier, formerly Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec, and of Mr. Pacaud, for pecuniary misdealings, ended in a verdict of acquittal.

The Presidential Election in the United States took place—that is to say, the election of State delegates who are to choose the President in December—on Tuesday, Nov. 8; but the general result would not be known for some days. It is believed that Mr. Grover Cleveland has a majority of 20,000 in the State of New York.

MUSIC.

We little thought, when discussing the probable duration of the opera seasons last week, that Signor Lago's venture at the Olympic was so near its end. General regret and sympathy have been expressed in connection with this unfortunate fiasco—unfortunate not only for the impresario, but for the whole of the artists and staff whom he had engaged to carry on his season. No doubt Signor Lago deserves the consideration that he has asked for, but at the same time we cannot help thinking it a pity that he embarked upon his enterprise without a more careful calculation of the risks he was running and a more complete equipment of material to enable him to do justice to his public, his artists, and himself. Into the question of the suitability of the theatre and the weather it is not worth while to enter. Enough that from the first operagoers showed no great inclination to attend the Olympic performances; that complaints as to the slipshod manner in which the various works were mounted passed unheeded, as they did last year at the Shaftesbury; and that, save in one or two instances, the general performances were wholly unworthy of a metropolitan opera house. With regard to the opposition that Signor Lago had to contend against, we admit its potency, but do not share the general belief that it was bound to be fatal to the smaller undertaking, provided the latter had been carried on in such a manner as to warrant the public esteem and support.

The principal production at Covent Garden since "Tristan und Isolde" has been a performance of "Aïda," in which Madame Melba essayed the titular character for the first time. If applause and bouquets go for anything, the prima donna's success was great indeed; but we are not prepared to endorse the opinion that Madame Melba presented an embodiment of Aïda worthy to rank with her Juliette or her Elsa. She has neither the volume of tone nor the physical resources essential for such scenes as the Triumph on the return of Radames. Verdi has written here music that a dramatic soprano alone can sing effectively. On the other hand, Madame Melba sang to perfection her solo, "O cieli azzurri," and displayed notable force and feeling in the duets with her father and lover. The characters just mentioned had able interpreters in M. Dufriche and Signor Giannini, while Mdlle. Giulia Ravogli made, as many a time before, a superbly dignified and dramatic Amneris.

The Royal Choral Society inaugurated its season at the Albert Hall in brilliant fashion on Nov. 2 with a performance of Dvorák's "Requiem Mass." The work was ostensibly chosen in consequence of the success that attended its rendering here last spring, and the triumph then achieved was now in more than one respect surpassed. From a purely executive point of view, the choral singing may not have attained a higher degree of perfection, but, thanks to the recent addition of a large number of excellent recruits, there was a perceptible improvement in the quality of the voices, while we also noticed a more delicate regard for nuances in the interpretation of unaccompanied passages like those of the "Pie Jesu," which were now given without instrumental aid of any kind. The fugue was magnificently sung, and might have been repeated had Sir Joseph Barnby cared to accept the encore. Another marked difference in the rendering of Dvorák's profoundly interesting work was to be attributed to the co-operation of Mr. Edward Lloyd, who now sang the tenor music for the first time, and did so with faultless art. Madame Albani also undertook the soprano part, hitherto identified in turn with Miss Anna Williams and Madame Nordica, while Miss Hilda Wilson and Mr. Watkin Mills resumed their former places in the quartet. The orchestra executed its share of the Mass with delightful refinement, and Sir Joseph Barnby conducted in his usual admirable and masterly manner.

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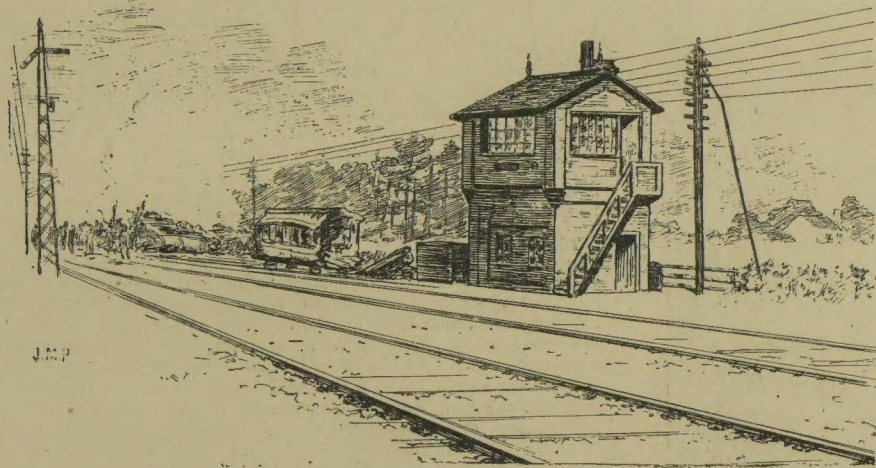
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THE RAILWAY COLLISION AT THIRSK: SIGNAL-BOX OF JAMES HOLMES.

contemplates the wholesale murder of inoffensive people, including women and children, is as callous a monster as the poisoner Neill.

The first sitting of Mr. Morley's Commission of Inquiry into the cases of the evicted tenants was very explosive. Mr. Justice Mathew opened the proceedings with a written statement of the circumstances which had led to the appointment of the tribunal. It is generally felt, even among Gladstonians, that the form of this document was somewhat injudicious. Mr. Justice Mathew took too much the tone of a political advocate, not that of the impartial judge. He was particularly severe upon Lord Clanricarde, who, indeed, exposed himself to rebuke by a singularly offensive letter, to the Commissioners. Evidence was received on behalf of the tenants, and the refusal of Mr. Justice Mathew to allow Mr. Carson, Q.C., to cross-examine the first witness was followed by a storm. The Judge laid down the conditions of procedure, one of which was that the ordinary cross-examination of a court of law would not be permitted, but that questions might be put if deemed relevant by the Commission. The object of this course is presumably to shorten the inquiry as much as possible. Its first effect is somewhat unpromising, for, after a heated altercation with the Judge, Mr. Carson and his colleagues withdrew in high dudgeon.

The National Liberal Federation has issued a report which sketches the legislation likely to be undertaken by the Government. This adds nothing, however, to the public stock of knowledge. The report enumerates Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, reform of registration, one man one vote, the holding of elections on one day, and alludes vaguely to measures which may deal with social problems, the land, and rural administration. There is evidently no cue as to the line Ministers will take, which the Cabinet has probably not yet determined. Whatever decisions Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues may have come to, not the smallest inkling has escaped beyond the charmed circle of the Cabinet meetings.

A deputation of the Labour members of the London County Council has pressed upon the President of the Local Government Board the expediency of stimulating vestries and municipal authorities generally to employ more men in the necessary work of making, mending, and cleaning roads. To this policy Mr. Fowler mildly assented, undertaking to follow the example set by Mr. Chamberlain at the Local Government Board in 1886, when a circular was issued to all the municipal administrative bodies. The object of the deputation to Mr. Fowler does not appear to have satisfied all the friends of the unemployed. At the first meeting under the new regulations in Trafalgar Square a good deal was said about opening workshops and setting the unemployed to make their own clothes. The idea of paying a man for stitching a garment to be worn by himself is certainly a refreshing novelty in economics, but the benefit is somewhat dubious.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

No greater compliment could be paid to Mr. Charles Brookfield and Mr. F. C. Phillips than to tell them that their infinitely amusing little dramatic sketch is as funny and as perversely topsy-turvy as a Bab Ballad by W. S. Gilbert. Of course, "The Burglar and the Judge" is in dramatic and not lyric form, it is in prose and not in verse; but Joe, the burglar, will be found a masterpiece of concentrated Cockneyism and observation, and this extraordinarily comic and defiant hero will cause no offence to the drawing-room taste that nowadays revels in carols of amorous costermongers. Joe has a grudge against Mr. Justice Gyves, ominously called Jeffrey. The senile Rhadamanthus has condemned him and his friends many a time to the "jug," so Joe, having drugged the judge's protecting butler, proceeds to crack the judicial crib. This modern and most unromantic Jack Sheppard is caught by the Chief Justice regaling on sandwiches made of pickles, Limburger cheese, and pâté de foie gras, washed down with neat whisky. But he treats the old gentleman with supreme contempt, and soon lets him know that the burglar and not the judge is "on in this scene." The tables are to be turned with a vengeance. A keen sense of the ludicrous is possessed by Joe. First of all he compels his victim to drink "white satin" and to smoke a vile cutty-pipe. Then the hypnotised old gentleman, under threat, toasts crib-cracking. Helplessly bound, he sees his presentation clocks, family silver, spoons and forks thrust into the burglar's bag, and insult is added to injury when gold is added to silver in the shape of the judge's false teeth. At this juncture the mumbling and toothless exponent

that grey face. There is no other word for it. It was a grey face—a young grey face growing old with incipient madness. It was not an appalling dramatic contortion, like a Jekyll or a Hyde, but an artistic study of a man overworked, whose brain gradually gave way until it collapsed. Those who love acting as an art, all who can discriminate between good and bad, everyone who is wearied to death with the feebleness and amateurism of modern dramatic art should lose no time in studying Murray Carson's mad doctor. There is no trick or theatrical device about it. It is the industrious work of a student, and it deserves recognition and applause. A man who can do as well as that at the outset of his career has everything before him. If he refuses to be spoiled, if he puts art before everything, if he rejects with scorn the idea that he is a Kean or an Irving already, all will be well. A better stage face or a more beautiful voice is rarely seen or heard. Surely the old school and the new school of criticism (as they are nonsensically called) can shake hands over this play and own the rubbish of the distinction. There is not an old critic—that is to say, a critic of ripe experience—who would not applaud to the echo the doctor of Murray Carson, the twin brothers of Herbert Waring and Bucklaw, the charming ingénue of Estelle Burney: surely there is not a new critic who has any taste for good acting who would not wish our young amateurs had the force, the style, and the expression of Mrs. Crowe. The acting all round had "pulse" in it, and that is what we want. We have been growing flabby of late. This play, grim or not, shows that the days of under-acting are dying away. Let us hope they will never be revived.

And now let me bid a long farewell to the readers of my weekly column. On Monday I am off by Naples to Egypt, thence to India, Ceylon, China, Japan, and so to San Francisco, en route to attend the opening of the Chicago Exhibition in May. Luckily the dear old *Illustrated* will be ever at my side during my travels. Farewell, then, all dear friends; but not "Good-bye."



ROCKS AT PENICHE.

Strangely enough, no one appeared to expect anything from the Liberals. This may be traced to the fact that the members of the Church Association are mostly Conservatives.

One of the most sensible remarks I have heard on the question of short versus long sermons is that sermons should never seem to be long. If that were secured there would be no complaints.

V.

WRECK OF THE STEAM-SHIP ROUMANIA.

The deplorable maritime disaster of Oct. 27, at Peniche, on the coast of Portugal, some fifty miles north of Lisbon, with great loss of life, nearly all the crew, officers, and passengers of the Anchor Line steam-ship Roumania, on her voyage to India, has been described. We now present views of Peniche and of the neighbouring rocks, situated in a bay which is terminated southward by Cape Carvoeiro, with its conspicuous lighthouse, but which lies from sixteen to twenty miles east of the proper course of a vessel passing down the coast. It is conjectured that in the violent storm of that night the engines had been disabled by the sea pouring over the decks and entering the hull, and that the ship had been forced by wind and currents of the tide into this perilous bay. The captain and officers have perished; the two English passengers surviving, Captain Hamilton and Lieutenant Rooke, are military men, and were in their cabins at the time; the surviving seamen are Lascars. Among the lady passengers drowned were Captain Hamilton's wife, the wives of two English missionaries in India, and of two Indian Government officials, the daughters of others, and several ladies engaged in missionary or benevolent work. Many persons of their families in England, Scotland, and Ireland have gone to Portugal on the sad errand of identifying their bodies, a few of which have been found among the rocks. These circumstances, as well as the high character of those who are lost, so soon after bidding farewell to their friends at home, make the wreck of the Roumania the more lamentable, and have excited the greatest compassion.



PENICHE, ON THE COAST OF PORTUGAL, SCENE OF THE WRECK OF THE ROUMANIA.

of the law is made under compulsion to sing a comic song, and to dance in frenzy, arrayed in his own ermine robes. But the climax comes when Joe takes his seat on the bench, and lectures Jeffrey on the depravity of his own life. The biter is bit. And so the burglar departs "to the place from whence he came" out of the window, and the curtain falls on the utter annihilation and demoralisation of justice. Excellently played by Mr. Charles Brookfield, whose Cockney patter is inimitable, and by Mr. Cyril Maude, whose toothless rage is as good as that of the elder Compton in "The Overland Route," this witty trifle is sure to be heard of again. It will serve any purpose, either with more music or less. Already it has amused a theatre full of people, amateurs will rush at it for winter theatricals, and is it heresy to say it is the very model for a music-hall sketch?

"Agatha Tylden," whatever critical opinion may rule to the contrary, is clearly to the taste of the public. By them it is held to be an interesting and amusing play, and it gathers strength as it goes. As I said at the outset, so I emphatically repeat, Mrs. Langtry has never done anything better than the female merchant and shipowner, never shown so much power or welcome variety. Mr. Edward Rose has provided her with a character in which her art was seen to have conspicuously developed.

Those who prefer lunacy to love in dramatic fiction will find a very remarkable play at the Garrick, where Miss Estelle Burney pluckily sticks to the ship, and has never yet left the bridge even in moments of grave danger. "David" cannot be pronounced a very cheerful play. It is what the children would call "shuddery." Anyhow, it is vastly clever, and exceedingly well acted by everyone in the cast. There are signs here everywhere of rising talent. Mr. Louis N. Parker promises to be a very able dramatist, and possibly some day he will put aside the grim for the cheerful. Mr. Murray Carson bids fair to be an actor of great value, for he is advancing by leaps and bounds to the front rank. It is astonishing what value it is to an actor who owns brains to play a character like Bosola in "The Duchess of Malfi." See what it has done for Murray Carson. It has given him confidence in himself, it has taxed all his energy. Some kind friend flung him into a dangerous stream, and he has had to swim for his life. But he has conquered the enemy, and could now fling himself into a whirlpool. He did something very like it when he tackled such a part as the mad doctor, which, as a plucky start for a youngster, I venture to place on the same footing as Henry Irving's first bold rush with Mathias in "The Bells." We have here a complete study of a certain form of brain disease, from the incipient stages of irritability and worry down to an utterly unbalanced reason. The face of the actor as the madman haunts me. I can see now wherever I turn

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The controversies of the times and other reasons are making the clergy—and, indeed, ministers of all denominations—much more civil to their "inferiors." A curious illustration is supplied by Bishop Jayne's advice at the Chester Diocesan Conference. In these days, he said, the clergy wanted to treat all sorts and conditions of men with something of the courtesy of equals. He was inclined to think that in many country parishes the clergy might do many worse things—and the wives of the clergy also, if he might venture to say so—than leave their cards upon their humbler friends as well as on those of a higher social distinction. The clergy must more and more learn to treat those with whom they have to do with consummate respect.

Bishop Jayne's modified Gothenburg scheme is not making much way, although Mr. Chamberlain has lent it his support. It is distasteful to most of the total abstainers, although some of them are willing to compromise as far as possible. It is also distasteful to the trade, as the compensation proposed naturally appears to them inadequate. The great majority of temperance reformers will never yield on compensation. If taken up by a powerful Government the scheme might be carried through; as it is, it will probably soon cease to be heard of.

It is somewhat pathetic to read the Bishop of Liverpool's attack on the higher criticism. The aged Evangelical champion repeats the old arguments, but is not so truculent as in former days. His son, Professor Ryle, of Cambridge, is one of the ablest and most learned champions of the higher criticism.

The Church Association seems to have practically abandoned the hope of redress by law. Some of the members at the Folkestone meeting expressed the view that disestablishment is very near. Not a few urged that pressure should be brought on the Conservative party.



A FISHERMAN OF PENICHE.

THE PURSUIT OF THE WELL-BELOVED.

A SKETCH

OF
A

TEMPERAMENT.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD,"

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

SHE FAILS TO VANISH WHEN CLOSELY CONFRONTED.

Pearston had not turned far back towards the castle when he was overtaken by Somers and the man who carried his painting-lumber. They paced together to the door; the man deposited the articles and went away, and the two walked up and down before entering.

"I met an extremely interesting woman in the road out there," said the painter.

"Ah, she is! A sprite, a sylph—Psyche indeed!"

"I was struck with her."

"It shows how beauty will out through the homeliest guise."

"Yes, it will; though not always. And this case doesn't prove it, for the lady's attire was in the latest and most approved taste."

"O! you mean the lady who was driving?"

"Of course. What! were you thinking of the little cottage girl outside here? I did meet her, but what's she? Very well for one's picture, though hardly for one's fireside. This lady"—

"Is Mrs. Pine-Avon. A kind, proud woman, who'll do what people with no pride would not condescend to think of. She is leaving Budmouth to-morrow, and she drove across to see me. You know how things seemed to be going with us at one time. But I am no good to any woman. She's been very generous towards me, which I've not been to her. . . . She'll ultimately throw herself away upon some wretch unworthy of her, no doubt."

"Do you think so?" murmured Somers. After a while he said abruptly, "I'll marry her myself, if she'll have me. I like the look of her."

"I wish you would, Alfred, or rather could! She has long had an idea of slipping out of the world of fashion into the world of art. She is a woman of individuality and earnest instincts. I am in real trouble about her. I won't say she can be won—it would be ungenerous of me to say that. But try. I can bring you together easily."

"I'll marry her, if she's willing." With the phlegmatic dogmatism that was part of him, Somers added: "When you have decided to marry, take the first nice woman you meet. They are all alike."

"Well—you don't know her yet," replied Jocelyn, who could at least give praise where he could not give love.

"But you do, and I'll take her on the strength of your judgment. Is she really pretty?—I had but the merest glance. But I know she is, or she wouldn't have caught your discriminating eye."

"You may take my word for it; she looks as well at hand as afar." |

"What colour are her eyes?"

"Her eyes? I don't go much into colour, being professionally sworn to form. But, let me see—grey; and her hair rather light than dark brown."

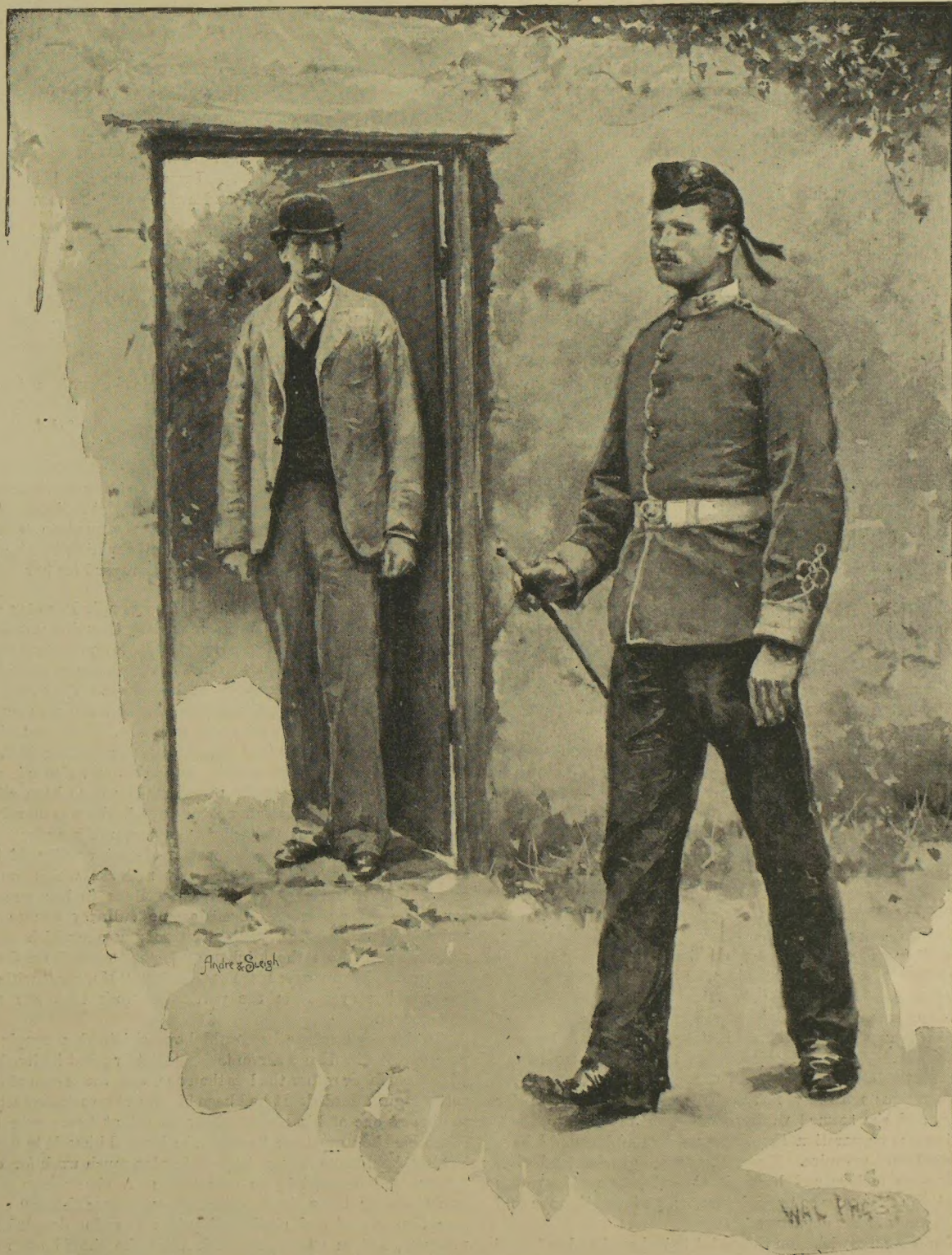
"I wanted something darker," said Somers, airily. "There are so many fair models among native Englishwomen. Still, blondes are useful property. . . . Well, well; this is flippancy! But I liked the look of her."

Somers had gone back to town. It was a wet day on the little peninsula; but Pearston walked out as far as the garden-house of his hired castle, where he sat down and smoked. This erection being on the boundary-wall of his property, his ear could now and then catch the tones of Avice's voice from her open-doored cottage, a few yards off in the lane which skirted his fence; and he noticed that there were no modulations in it. He knew why that was. She wished to go out, and could not. He had observed before that when she was planning an outing a particular note would come into her voice during the preceding hours: a dove's roundness of sound; no doubt the effect upon her voice of her thoughts of her lover, or lovers. Yet the latter it could not be. She was absolutely

single-hearted: half an eye could see that. Whence, then, the two men? Possibly the quarrier was a relation?

There seemed reason in this, especially when, going out into the lane, he encountered one of the very red-jackets he had been thinking of. Soldiers were seldom seen in this outer

part of the isle; their beat from the forts, when on pleasure bent, was usually in the opposite direction, and this man must have had a special reason for coming hither. Pearston surveyed him. He was a round-faced, beer-blown fellow, having two little pieces of moustache on his upper lip, like a pair of



Soldiers were seldom seen in this outer part of the isle, and this man must have had a special reason for coming hither. Pearston surveyed him.

minnows rampant, and small black eyes, over which the Gleggish cap straddled flat. It was altogether a hateful idea that her tender cheek should be kissed by the lips of this thick and heavy young man, who had never been sublimed by a single battle, even with defenceless savages.

He went before her house, looked at the door, and passed on down the crooked way to the cliffs, where there was a path back to the forts. But he did not adopt it, returning by the way he had come. This showed his wish to pass the house anew. She gave no sign, however, and the soldier disappeared.

Pearston could not be satisfied that Avie was in the house, and in an uncontrollable impulse he crossed over to the front of her little freehold, and tapped at the door, which stood ajar.

Nobody came, and, hearing a slight movement within, he crossed the threshold. Avie was there alone, sitting on a low stool in a dark corner, as though she wished to be unobserved by any casual passer-by. She looked up at him without emotion or apparent surprise; but he could then see that she was crying. The view, for the first time, of distress in an unprotected young girl, towards whom he felt drawn by ties of extraordinary delicacy and tenderness, moved Pearston beyond measure. He entered without ceremony.

"Avie, my dear girl!" he said. "Something is the matter!"

She looked a passive assent, and he went on: "Now tell me all about it. Perhaps I can help you. Come, tell me."

"I can't!" she murmured. "Grammer Stockwool is upstairs, and she'll hear!" (Mrs. Stockwool was the old woman who had lived with the girl for company since her mother's death.)

"Then come into my garden opposite. There we shall be quite private."

In answer to this she rose, put on her hat, and accompanied him to the door. Here she asked him if the lane were empty, and on his looking up and down and assuring her that it was, she crossed over and entered with him through the garden-wall.

The place was a shady and secluded one, though through the boughs the sea could be seen quite near at hand, below the edge of the cliff, its moanings being distinctly audible. A water-drop from a tree fell here and there, but the rain was not enough to hurt them.

"Now let me hear it," he said soothingly. "You may tell me with the greatest freedom. I was a friend of your mother's, you know. That is, I knew her; and I'll be a friend of yours."

The statement was risky, since he wished her not to suspect him of being her mother's false one. But that lover's name appeared to be entirely unknown to the present Avie.

"I can't tell you, Sir," she replied unwillingly; "except that it has to do with my own changeableness—the failing I owned to you, if it is a failing. The rest is the secret of somebody else."

"I am sorry for that," said he.

"I am getting to care for one I ought not to think of. I wish I could get away!"

"You mean from the island?"

"Yes."

Pearston reflected. His presence in London had been desirable for some time; yet he had delayed going because this spot had latterly become endeared to him—partly by old memories revived, partly by their re-embodiment in the new form at his side. But to go and take her with him would afford him opportunity for watching over her, tending her mind, and developing it; while it might remove her from some looming danger. It was a somewhat awkward guardianship for him, as a lonely man, to carry out; still, it could be done. He asked her abruptly if she would like to go away for a while.

"I like best to stay here," she answered. "Still, I should not mind going somewhere, because I think I ought to."

"Would you like London?"

Avie's face lost its weeping shape. "How could that be?" she said.

"I have been thinking that you could come to my house and make yourself useful in some way. I rent just now one of those new places called flats, which you may have heard of; and I have a studio at the back."

"I haven't heard of 'em," she said without interest.

"Well, I have two servants there, and you can help them for a month or two."

"Would polishing furniture be any good? I can do that."

"I haven't much furniture that requires polishing. But you can clear away plaster and clay messes in the studio, and chippings of stone, and help me in modelling, and dust casts of hands and heads and feet and bones, and other objects."

She was startled, yet attracted, almost fascinated by the novelty of the proposal.

"Only for a time?" she said.

"Only for a time. As short as you like, and as long."

The deliberate manner in which, after the first surprise, Avie discussed the arrangements that he suggested, might have told him how far any feeling for himself beyond friendship, and possibly gratitude, was from occupying her breast. But there was nothing really extravagant in the discrepancy between their ages, and he hoped, after shaping her to himself, to win her. What had grieved her to tears she would not more particularly tell.

There was naturally not much need of preparation for Avie, and she seemed willing, and even anxious, to start, making less preparation than, being a woman, he would have expected her to require. He could not quite understand why, if she were in love and had felt at first averse to leave the island, she should be so precipitate now. Above all, not a soul was to know of her departure.

Fancying her wishes on this point to be based on her fear of rumour, he took great care to compromise in no way a girl in whom his interest was as protective as it was passionate. Pearston accordingly left her to get out of the island alone, but he awaited her at a station a few miles up the railway, where,

discovering himself to her through the carriage-window, he entered the next compartment, his frame pervaded by a glow which was almost joy at having for the first time in his charge one who inherited the flesh and bore the name so early associated with his own, and only not united to him through the merest trick of time.

A sense of putting things right which had been wrong through many years sustained Pearston in the face of this too obviously unusual step of bestowing so much attention upon one who, in a worldly view, would at the best be a clog upon his social and artistic activities, should these, which had now slept for some while, again awaken.

CHAPTER XX.

A HOMELY MEDIUM DOES NOT DULL THE IMAGE.

It was dark when the four-wheeled cab wherein he had brought Avie from the station stood at the entrance-door to the pile of flats of which Pearston occupied one floor—then less common as residences in London than they are now. Leaving Avie to alight and get the luggage brought in with the assistance of the porter, Pearston went upstairs. To his surprise his floor was silent, and on entering with a latchkey the rooms were all in darkness. He descended to the hall, where Avie was standing helpless beside the luggage, while the porter was outside with the cabman.

"Do you know what has become of my servants?" asked Jocelyn.

"What—and ain't they there, Saur? Ah, then my belief is that what I suspected is true! You didn't leave your wine-cellar unlocked, did you, Saur, by no mistake?"

Pearston considered. He thought he might have left the key with his elder servant, whom he had believed he could trust, especially as the cellar was not well stocked.

"Ah, then it was so! She's been very queer, Saur, this last week or two. O, yes, sending messages down the spakin'-tube which were like madness itself, and ordering us this and that, till we would take no notice at all. I see the housemaid go out one morning, and possibly she went for good! Shure, if ye'd written, Saur, I'd ha' got the place ready, though it's not me duty at all!"

When Pearston got to his floor again he found that the cellar-door was open; some bottles were standing empty that had been full, and many abstracted altogether. All other articles in the house, however, appeared to be intact. His letter to his housekeeper lay in the box as the postman had left it.

By this time the luggage had been sent up in the lift; and Avie, like so much more luggage, stood at the door, the hall-porter behind offering his assistance.

"Come here, Avie," said the sculptor. "What shall we do now? Here's a pretty state of affairs!"

Avie could suggest nothing till she was struck with the bright thought that she should light a fire.

"Light a fire?—ah, yes! . . . I wonder if we could manage. This is an odd coincidence—and awkward!" he murmured. "Very well, light a fire."

"Is this the kitchen, Sir, all mixed up with the parlours?"

"Yes."

"Then I think I can do all that's wanted here for a bit; at any rate, till you can get help, Sir. At least, I could if I could find the fuel-house. 'Tis no such big place as I thought!"

"That's right: take courage!" said he with a tender smile. "Now, I'll dine out this evening, and leave the place for you to arrange as best you can with the help of the porter's wife downstairs."

This Pearston accordingly did, and so their common residence began. Feeling more and more strongly that some danger awaited her in her native island he determined not to send her back till the lover or lovers who seemed to trouble her should have cooled off. He was quite willing to take the risk of his action thus far in his solicitous regard for her.

It was a dual solitude, indeed; for, though Pearston and Avie were the only two people in the flat, they did not keep each other company, the former being as scrupulously fearful of going near her now that he had the opportunity as he had been prompt to seek her when he had none. They lived in silence, his messages to her being frequently written on scraps of paper deposited where she could see them. It was not without a pang that he saw her unconsciousness of their isolated position—a position to which, had she experienced any reciprocity of sentiment, she would readily have been alive.

Considering that, though not profound, she was hardly a matter-of-fact girl, as that phrase is commonly understood, she was exasperating in the matter-of-fact quality of her responses to the occasional friendly remarks which would escape him in spite of himself, as well as in her general conduct. Whenever he formed some culinary excuse for walking across the two yards' width of passage which separated his room from the kitchen and spoke through the doorway to her, she answered, "Yes, Sir," or "No, Sir," without turning her eyes from the particular work that she was engaged in.

In the usual course he would have obtained a couple of properly qualified new servants immediately; but he lived on with the one, or rather the less than one, that the person of this cottage-girl afforded. It had been his almost invariable custom to dine at one of his clubs. Now he sat at home over the miserable chop or steak to which he limited himself in dread lest she should complain of there being too much work for one person, and demand to be sent home. A charwoman came every two or three days, effecting an extraordinary consumption of food and alcoholic liquids: Pearston dreaded her presence, lest in conversing with Avie she should open the girl's eyes to the oddity of her situation. Avie could see for herself that there must have been two or three servants in the flat during his former residence there; but his reasons for doing without them seemed never to strike her.

His original intention had been to keep her occupied exclusively at the studio, but accident had modified this. However, he sent her round one morning, and entering himself shortly after, found her engaged in wiping the layers of dust from the casts and models.

The colour of this dust never ceased to amaze her. "It is like the hold of a collier," she said, "and the beautiful faces of these clay people are quite spoilt by it."

"I suppose you'll marry some day, Avie?" remarked Pearston, without replying, as he regarded her thoughtfully.

"Some do and some don't," she said, with a reserved smile, still attending to the casts.

"You are very offhand," said he.

She archly weighed that remark without further speech. It was tantalising conduct in the face of his instinct to cherish her; especially when he regarded the charm of her bending profile; the well-characterised though softly lined nose, the round chin with, as it were, a second leap in its curve to the throat, and the sweep of the eyelashes over the cheek during the sedulously lowered glance. How futilely he had laboured to express the character of that face in clay, and, while catching it in substance, had yet lost something that was essential to it!

That evening at dusk, in the stress of writing letters, he sent her out for stamps. She had been absent some quarter of an hour, when, suddenly drawing himself up from over his writing-table, it flashed upon him that he had absolutely forgotten her total ignorance of London.

The head post-office, to which he had sent her, was two or three streets off, and he had made his request in the most general manner, which she had acceded to with alacrity enough. How could he have done such an unreflecting thing?

Pearston went to the window. It was about nine o'clock, and, owing to her absence, the blinds were not down. He opened it, and stepped out upon the balcony. The green shade of his lamp screened its rays from the gloom without. Over the opposite square a young moon hung, and to the right there stretched a long street, filled with a diminishing array of lamps, some single, some in clusters, among them an occasional blue or red one. From a corner came the notes of a piano-organ strumming out a stirring march of Donizetti's. The shadowy black figures of pedestrians moved up, down, and across the embrowned roadway. Above the roofs was a bank of livid mist, and higher a greenish-blue sky, in which stars were visible, though its lower part was still pale with daylight, against which rose chimney-pots, in the form of elbows, prongs, and fists.

From the whole scene proceeded a ground rumble, miles in extent, amid which individual rattles, voices, a tin whistle, the bark of a dog, made themselves heard. The whole noise impressed him with the sense that no one in its enormous mass imagined rest to be ever required.

In this illimitable ocean of humanity there was a unit of existence, his Avie, wandering alone.

Pearston looked at his watch. She had been gone half an hour. It was impossible to distinguish her at this distance, even if she approached. He came inside, and putting on his hat, determined to go out and seek her. He reached the end of the street, and there was nothing of her to be seen. She had the option of two or three routes from this point to the post-office; yet he plunged at random into one, till he reached the office, to find it quite deserted. Almost distracted now by his anxiety for her, he retreated as rapidly as he had come, but regained home only to find that she had not returned.

He suddenly recollected telling her that if she should ever lose her way she must call a cab and drive home. It occurred to him that this was what she would do now. He again went out upon the balcony; the dignified street in which he lived was now almost vacated and silent, and the lamps stood like placed sentinels waiting for some procession to pass which did not arrive. At a point where the road was torn up there stood a red light, and at the corner two men were talking in leisurely repose, as if sunning themselves at noonday. Lovers of a feline disposition, who were never seen by daylight, joked and darted at each other as they passed.

His attention was fixed on the cabs, and he held his breath as the hollow clap-clap of each horse's hoofs drew near the front of the house, only to go onward into the square. The two lamps of each vehicle in the far distance dilated with its approach, and seemed to swerve towards him. It was she surely? No, it passed by.

Almost frantic, he again descended, and let himself out of the house, moving towards a more central part, where the roar still continued. Before emerging into the noisy thoroughfare he observed a small figure approaching leisurely along the opposite side, and hastened across to find it was she.

CHAPTER XXI.

A GRILLE DESCENDS BETWEEN THE VISION AND HIM.

"O, Avie!" he cried, with the tenderly subdued scolding of a mother. "What is this you have done to alarm me so!"

She seemed quite unconscious of having done anything, and was altogether surprised at his anxiety. In his relief he did not speak further for a while; then asked her suddenly if she would take his arm, since she must be tired.

"O no, Sir!" she assured him, "I am not a bit tired, and I don't require any help at all, thank you."

They went upstairs together without using the lift, and he let her and himself in with his latchkey. She entered the kitchen, and he, following, sat down in a chair there.

"Where have you been?" he said, renewing the subject with almost angered concern on his face. "You ought not to have been absent more than ten minutes."

"I knew there was nothing for me to do, and thought I should like to see a little of London," she replied naïvely. "So when I had got the stamps I went on into the fashionable streets, where folks are all walking about just as if it were daytime. 'Twas for all the world like coming home by night from Martinmas Fair at Slopeway Well."

"O, Avice, Avice, you must not go out like this! Don't you know that I am responsible for your safety? I am your—well, guardian, in fact, and am bound by law and morals, and I don't know what-all, to deliver you up to your native island without a scratch or blemish. And yet you indulge in such a midnight vagary as this!"

"But I am sure, Sir, the people in the street were more respectable than they are at Slopeway Well! They were dressed in the latest fashion, and would have scorned to do me any harm; and as for their love-making to a body, I never heard anything so polite before!"

"Well, you must not do it again. I'll tell you some day why. What's that you have in your hand?"

"A mouse-trap. There are lots of mice in this kitchen, and I thought I'd try to catch them. That was what I went so far to buy, as there were no shops open just about here. I'll set it now."

She proceeded at once to do so, and Pearston remained in his seat regarding the operation, which seemed entirely to engross her. It was extraordinary, indeed, to observe how she wilfully limited her interests; with what content she received the ordinary things that life offered, and persistently

Pearston secured the mouse while she remained standing on the chair. Then, having set the trap anew, his feeling burst out petulantly—

"A girl like you to throw yourself away upon such a commonplace fellow as that quarryman! Why do you do it?"

Her mind was so intently fixed upon the matter in hand that it was some moments before she caught his irrelevant subject. "Because I am a foolish girl," she said quietly.

"What! Don't you love him?" said Jocelyn, with a surprised stare up at her as she stood, in her concern appearing the very Avice who had kissed him twenty years earlier.

"It is not much use to talk about that," said she.

"Then, is it the soldier?"

"Yes, though I have never spoken to him."

"Never spoken to the soldier?"

"Never."

"Has either one treated you badly—deceived you?"

"No. Certainly not."

"Well, I can't make you out; and I don't wish to know more than you choose to tell me. Come, Avice, why not tell me exactly how things are?"

"Not now, Sir!" she entreated, her pretty pink face and

At sight of her the next morning Pearston felt that he must put an end to such a state of things. He sent Avice off to the studio, wrote to an agent for a couple of servants, and then went round to his work. Avice was busy righting all that she was allowed to touch. It was the girl's delight to be occupied among the models and casts, which for the first time she regarded with the wistful interest of a soul struggling to receive ideas of the beautiful, vaguely discerned yet ever eluding her. That brightness in her mother's mind, which might have descended to the second Avice with the maternal face and form, had been dimmed by admixture with the mediocrity of her father's. By one who remembered like Pearston the dual organisation could be often seen wrestling internally.

They were alone in the studio, and his feelings found vent. Putting his arms round her, he said, "My darling; sweet little Avice! I want to ask you something—surely you guess what? I want to know this: will you be married to me, and live here with me always and ever?"

"O, Mr. Pearston, what nonsense!"

"Nonsense?" said he, shrinking somewhat.

"Yes, Sir."



"I suppose you'll marry some day, Avice," remarked Pearston, regarding her thoughtfully.

refused to behold what an infinitely extended life lay open to her through him. If she had only said the word, he would have got a license and married her the next morning. Was it possible that she did not perceive this tendency in him? She could hardly be a woman if she did not; and in her airy, elusive, offhand demeanour she was very much of a woman indeed.

"It only holds one mouse," he said absently.

"But I shall hear it throw in the night, and set it again."

He sighed, and left her to her own resources and retired to rest, though he felt no tendency to sleep. At some small hour of the darkness, owing, possibly, to some intervening door being left open, he heard the mouse-trap click. Another light sleeper must have heard it too, for almost immediately after the pit-pat of naked feet, accompanied by the brushing of drapery, was audible along the passage towards the kitchen. After an absence of the pit-patting figure in that apartment long enough to reset the trap, he was startled by a scream from the same quarter. Pearston sprang out of bed, jumped into his dressing-gown, and hastened in the direction of the cry.

Avice, barefooted and wrapped in a shawl, was standing in a chair; the mouse-trap lay on the floor, the mouse running round and round in its neighbourhood.

"I was trying to take him out," said she, excitedly, "and he got away from me!"

brown eyes turned in simple appeal to him. "I will tell you all to-morrow; indeed I will!"

He retreated to his own apartment and lay down meditating. Some quarter of an hour after she had retreated to hers the mouse-trap clicked again, and Pearston raised himself on his elbow to listen. The place was so still and the jerry-built door-panels so thin that he could hear the mouse jumping about inside the wires of the trap. But he heard no footstep this time. Disliking the idea of the little creature's misery, he again arose, proceeded to the kitchen with a light, and put the mouse to a merciful death. Returning, he listened once more. He could see in the far distance the door of Avice's room; but that thoughtful housewife had not heard the second capture. From the room came a soft breathing like that of an infant.

He entered his own chamber and reclined himself gloomily enough. Her freedom from all consciousness of him, the aspect of the deserted kitchen, the cold grate, impressed him with a deeper sense of loneliness than he had ever felt before.

Foolish he was, indeed, to be the slave of this young creature! Her defencelessness, her freedom from the least thought that there lurked any danger in this propinquity, were in fact secondary safeguards, not much less strong than that of her being her mother's image, against any risk to her from him. Yet it was out of this that his depression came.

"Well, why? Am I too old? Surely there's no serious difference?"

"O no—I should not mind that if it came to marrying. The difference is not much for husband and wife, though it is rather much for lovers keeping company."

She struggled to get free, and when in the movement she knocked down the Empress Faustina's head he did not try to retain her. He saw that she was not only surprised but a little alarmed.

"You haven't said why it is nonsense!" he remarked tartly.

"Why, I didn't know you was thinking of me any longer like that! I hadn't any thought of it! And all alone here! What shall I do?"

"Say yes, my pretty Avice. We'll then go out and be married at once, and nobody be any the wiser."

She shook her head. "I couldn't, Sir."

"It would be well for you. You don't like me, perhaps?"

"Yes I do. But not in that sort of way—quite. Still, I might have got to do it in time, if"—

"Well, then, try," he said warmly. "Your mother did!"

No sooner had the words slipped out than Pearston would have recalled them. He had felt in a moment that they were hazardous.

(To be continued.)



1. Monument to Christopher Columbus unveiled by the Queen-Regent and the young King.

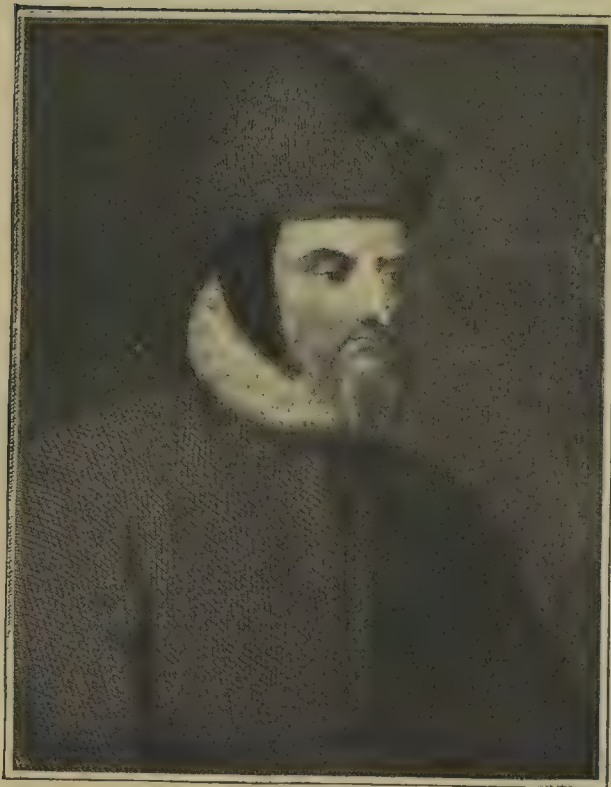
2. Service in the Chapel of the Monastery of Rabat, attended by the King and his mother.

3. Priest reciting the glories of Columbus before the King.

THE COLUMBUS CELEBRATIONS AT PALOS, SPAIN.

THE STORY OF THE LAUREATES.—I. FROM CHAUCER TO BEN JONSON.

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.



JOHN GOWER, 1320 TO 1402.

In the popular discussion of the Laureateship which has been going on for several weeks it was inevitable that a certain amount of mistake and ignorance should make its appearance. But if anybody who has mistaken the subject feels inclined to blush let him be comforted by the thought that his Majesty Charles II., of blessed memory, made nearly as great blunders as anybody well could in the letters patent which he delivered to "John Dryden, Master of Arts, and eldest sonne of Erasmus Dryden, of Tichmarch, in the county of Northampton, Esquire." These were letters "nominating, constituting, declaring, and appointing him, the said John Dryden, for and in consideration of his eminent services to Us performed, and his learning and eminent abilities and his great skill and elegant style both in verse and prose, and divers other good causes and considerations, Our Poet Laureat and Hystoriographer Royal." Not that Charles Rex was in the least mistaken in any of the particulars just mentioned concerning John Dryden. But he proceeded to specify the rights, privileges, benefits, and advantages as being granted "as amply and fully as to Sir Geoffrey Chaucer, Knight, Sir John Gower, Knight, John Leland, Esquire, William Camden, Esquire, Benjamin Jonson, Esquire, James Howell, Esquire, Sir William Davenant, Knight, or any other persons." Now, we must, of course, exclude Leland, Camden, and Howell as having held the second of the combined offices granted to Dryden. But even then his Majesty made a considerable mistake or mistakes, for Chaucer certainly was not a knight, nor was Gower; and neither in extreme strictness was Laureate in the sense that Jonson and Dryden were; while, if popular repute be admitted, Charles our King ought hardly to have included Skelton and Spenser thus cavalierly among "other persons."

The controversy about the origin and character of the Laureateship exemplifies very excellently the unwisdom of speaking with extreme positiveness about things that do not admit of such speech. There is practically no doubt, nor could there be any, that from an early period English kings had *jongleurs*, minstrels, bards, more or less closely attached

to their persons. There is also no doubt that Geoffrey Chaucer was a very great poet and was more or less closely attached to the person of not the least of English kings. He was *dilectus valettus noster*: he had pensions, he had pitchers of wine. But I am sure that my friends Dr. Skeat and Dr. Furnivall would rebuke King Charles for calling him knight—though, indeed, it may be contended that he made him one by calling him so—and I think that they would also rebuke that Sovereign for implying that he was in anything like the sense of the past three centuries "Laureate." What may be said about Chaucer without any doubt at all is that he was the greatest poet of England, and that he was also a servant of the Court. It was a happy conjunction, repeated several times since with a closer connection between the two qualifications; but it was not a conjunction of cause and effect. I do not know that the word "Laureate" was ever used of Chaucer in his own days, but it is always worth remembering that in his century the



EDMUND SPENSER, 1552 TO 1599.

most famous ceremony of laureation in history was performed on a friend of his—a literary friend certainly, a personal friend probably—Francesco Petrarca, in the Capitol of Rome.

As to Gower, things are even more shadowy. It is, indeed, recorded that Henry of Lancaster gave Gower "a collar"; and some may see in this an allegorical or symbolical description of the Laureateship. But, unluckily, Henry was not then king, and though, like all poets of his time, Gower sang to please the Court, there is absolutely no evidence of his ever having received any regular Court office. They called him on his tomb "celeberrimus poeta," which he was; but they called him nothing more.

During the greater part of the fifteenth century there was nobody to make a Laureate of, in our modern sense, and



SAMUEL DANIEL, 1562 TO 1619.

people had other things to think of besides poetry. But with Skelton (and, indeed, some others whom I shall notice presently) the Chaucerian confusion returns in stronger measure. Skelton was in a certain sense the best English poet of his time—certainly the best excepting Hawes; he was a Court favourite and pensioner; he was called the King's "orator," and he was and called himself "Laureate"; but here the other sense of Laureate comes in. It was the University of Oxford, not the King, that gave the bays to the author of "Elinor Rimming" and "My Maiden Isabel," on a principle then common and surviving now chiefly in the *couronnes* of the French Academy. Posterity put the laurels and the Court favour together, called Skelton Poet Laureate, and there was no very great harm in it.

Something of the same muddle still awaits us with Spenser. He once more and most incontestably since Chaucer was the



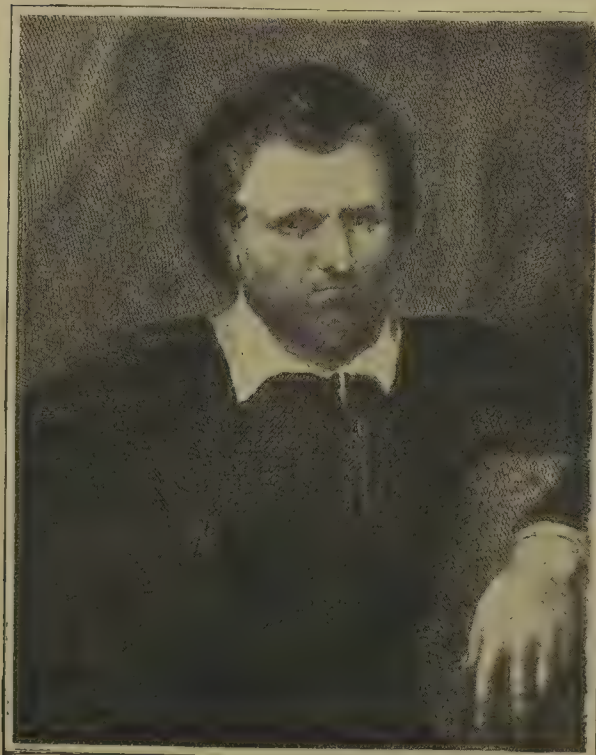
GEOFFREY CHAUCER, 1328 TO 1400.

greatest poet (using the word poet strictly) of England; he had a certain, though a fleeting and fluid access of Court favour; he had a kind of pension; but he had no regular Court employment and was not strictly Laureate. But his case, taken on the top of the others, may be thought to add a little to the cumulative demonstration that there has for hundreds of years been in England an idea that there ought to be a "Poet Laureate"—a sort of Archbishop of Canterbury or Lord Chancellor of Poetry—and that the best poet ought to be the man.

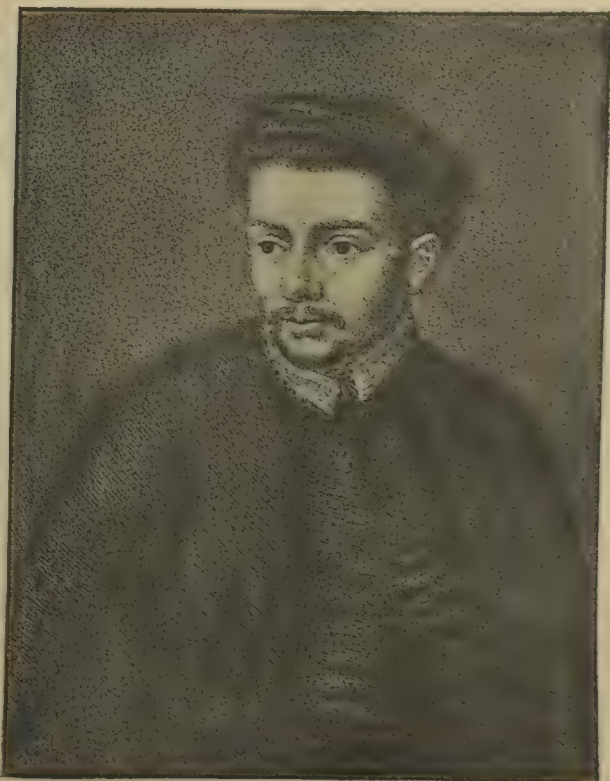
As for Daniel's Laureateship, it rests on the testimony of Antony Wood, a delightful person, but not implicitly to be followed; and in truth, as Malone has pointed out, though not with full explanation of the mistake, the existence of Poets Laureate in the University sense earlier, such as not merely Skelton, but as John Kaye in Edward the Fourth's time and Andrew Bernard in Henry the Seventh's, some of whom had Court employments, taken together with the later existence of one Poet Laureate patented and specified under the royal hand, has bred infinite confusion.

The first real Laureate was Benjamin Jonson, Esquire, otherwise Ben, and it is noteworthy that even he was not so marked out till after the accession of Charles I., while even then, as his still greater friend has it, "it was not so expressed." Ben received from James, in the spring of the year which saw the death of Shakspeare, a pension for good services. Some fifteen years later the patent was renewed and the pension augmented by Charles "to encourage him to proceed in those services of his wit and pen which we expect from him."

And so during all this time there was no Poet Laureate so called: but also during all this time there was a kind of apostolical succession of persons who stood in a certain relation to the Crown, or were thought to do so, and who always (putting Shakspeare out of the question) were either unquestionably or might fairly claim to be the best poets in the realm.



BEN JONSON, 1574 TO 1637.



JOHN SKELTON, 1469 TO 1529.

MISS KATE MARSDEN AND THE LEPERS OF SIBERIA.

Miss Kate Marsden, the heroic Englishwoman who has given up her life to ameliorating the sad condition of the lepers of Siberia, is making a short stay in England prior to her departure for America, where she is going to deliver a course of lectures with the view of raising funds for her next expedition to Russia. Both her Majesty the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales have taken the keenest interest in Miss Marsden's self-imposed mission, and she has had the honour of a royal audience both at Balmoral and Marlborough House.

In reply to a number of questions put to her by a representative of the *Illustrated London News*, Miss Marsden gave the following interesting account of her past experiences and future projects—

"You ask me what first made me think of taking up this special kind of work among the lepers," she said thoughtfully. "In 1889, I was immensely struck by the accounts then published of Father Damien and his work at Molokai; in fact, I almost made up my mind to go out and join him there, but someone told me that only Roman Catholics were allowed on the island, and so I turned my thoughts towards India, where I believed there was great need of leper nurses."

"And what finally led you to go to Siberia?"

"I heard when travelling in the East of a mysterious herb which is supposed to cure leprosy, and was said to be of Siberian growth. This first gave me the idea of going to seek out the Russian lepers; but before starting for Siberia I went to Jerusalem, where there is a leper settlement. Perhaps you are aware that in the Holy Land the lepers are not shut up in hospitals, but are, on the contrary, allowed to beg in the streets. Though this is very much more pleasant for the poor creatures themselves, the freedom allowed them is certainly unfortunate, for the money which the charitably disposed give them circulates from hand to hand, and must help to spread the disease. From Jerusalem I then went to Tiflis, where again I heard of the mysterious herb, and so made my way slowly up to St. Petersburg."

"And what sort of reception did you meet with there?"

"Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales had kindly granted me an audience before I started from London, and, on being told that I had finally determined to go to Siberia, had written to her sister, the Czarina, asking her Imperial Majesty to afford me every facility for the work I wished to do. I had not long been in St. Petersburg before I received a command to go to Gatchina. The Empress received me with extreme kindness, and, after hearing all that I hoped to do, wrote an open letter for me, which, as you may suppose, entirely cleared the way. In it her Imperial Majesty was gracious enough to say that she would be personally grateful to anyone who might afford me assistance on my long and perilous journey. In fact, I cannot speak too highly of all the kindness which I received in official circles in the Russian capital. Mr. Pobiedonostseff, who is, as you are probably aware, secular head of the Greek Church, made everything easy for me as far as ecclesiastical authorities were concerned, and never once refused me any help which I asked for in Christ's name."

"Had you no one with you when you left St. Petersburg and started for Siberia?"

"Yes: Miss Ada Field, my devoted helper and friend, who, fortunately for me, knows Russian and French; but she was only able to go with me as far as Omsk. After that I continued alone, save for the company of interpreters who could speak a little French, and who were placed at my disposal by each Governor of the provinces we passed through. Till I reached Yakoutsk the journey was comparatively easy—that is to say, we travelled in sledges and tarantass—a kind of driving cart without springs. Still, we managed fairly well, and at Yakoutsk I was most kindly received by the Bishop of Yakoutsk and Veluisk. After staying there sufficient time to get the provisions and clothes which I intended to take to the leper settlement, I started with an escort of thirty men and an interpreter."

"Yours must have been a perilous journey?"

"It was in some ways worse than perilous; the heat during the day was tropical, and I cannot describe to you the sufferings we endured from horse-flies, mosquitoes, and other species of crawling, stinging insects. Before we could snatch a few hours' sleep during our noonday halt we had to light a fire in the tents to stifle the mosquitoes, &c., out. We could thus only ride through the dense forests during the night, and then it became bitterly cold. I must tell you that until this journey in Siberia I had never ridden at all, and it was quite a new experience for me to be perched up, man-fashion, on a wooden saddle, riding a wild, unbroken pony."

"Did you have many falls at first, Miss Marsden?"

"No, I always managed to stick on, but when I finally reached my destination my knees were quite raw, and my ankle bones were sticking through the skin. Altogether, I changed horses six times during the 2000-miles ride, and several of my men broke down halfway from sheer fatigue."

"And what sort of luggage did you take with you?"

"A revolver and whip, and a bag which held absolute necessities. Then, of course, there were the provisions and stores which we were taking to the poor lepers. These consisted of Russian tea, pressed together into bricks, sugar, tobacco, and good woollen clothing, for I had heard that this was what they were most deficient in."

"And what did your travelling dress consist of?"

"Of a straw hat to protect me from the sun, large loose trousers which met high boots at the knee, a long jacket with wide sleeves, and over all a mosquito-net."

"And when you finally arrived at the leper settlement what did you find?"

"I shall never forget the first leper I saw in Veluisk: he did not look like a human being but like an animal, and when he saw us ran away in terror. These lepers are taught to consider themselves devils, and to think that no Christian will ever come near them. I was actually accompanied into the first settlement I came to by a certain Andenovitch, a Roman Catholic chief of police, who has absolute authority over the whole district—that is to say, 70,000 souls. I cannot tell you what a deep impression the conduct of this noble man's kindness made upon me. When we went into the yourtas, or small huts in which the lepers live, he spoke kindly to every one, and even touched them—the greatest act of kindness you can do a leper. When he and I put out our hands to them, tears ran down their cheeks from pure gratitude at being treated like

Have you any scheme in your mind for providing them with better accommodation?"

"Certainly. I propose to found a leper settlement consisting of nineteen huts, each of which will be surrounded by a little garden. Then, Mr. Pobiedonostseff has undertaken to provide a priest for the lepers; and even now, as a result of my visit, five noble-hearted Greek sisters from the Princess Shachosky Convent in Moscow have already started to nurse the poor people and see what they can do to brighten their lives. Unfortunately, money will be wanted for all this: everything that I collected in Russia has been handed over to Russian philanthropic societies, who will undertake to distribute it. As regards the leper settlement, each of the yourtas we propose to build will cost £300, and my idea is to call each yourta after the benefactor who has provided the necessary sum. The two hospitals will each cost £1000. It is with a view to raising this money that I am going to lecture in America, and the whole of the proceeds of my book will be devoted to the cause."

"And do you often have news of these poor people?"

"Certainly. I am constantly hearing of them. I cannot tell you how I long to be back at my work: every hour spent away from Siberia seems an age. If I could only make people understand how great is the need, I feel quite sure that every kind of help would be forthcoming. This quaint little epistle will give you the best idea how real all I have been telling you is, as it was written at the request and dictation of a number of the oldest lepers and translated from Yakoutsk into the Russian language by a Government official."

"Our loving patroness, Miss Marsden—"

"We thank you very much for the great gifts you have sent us, which we have only just received. We will always pray to God for you. We are still living in the same way as when you visited us. The frightful disease is torturing us in our miserable little huts, and we are suffering from cold, and, in addition, from hunger. Only God alone knows and sees our wretched life. Last summer the crops failed, so that now the community cannot even give us one pound of flour, and not even a proper kettle to

boil our tea in. Lord, protect our benefactress, Miss Marsden, like the apple of thine eye!"

As a mark of her esteem and approbation her Majesty the Queen has sent Miss Kate Marsden a gold brooch, composed of a figure of the Angel of Victory holding the World (represented by a white pearl) with his foot.

M. A. B.



MISS KATE MARSDEN.

human beings: for once they are banished to these settlements they are literally cut off from their kind. The food brought them from time to time consists entirely of rotten fish, the bark of trees, and chunks of frozen meat; it is placed at a safe distance from the settlement, and the lepers are not supposed to show themselves till the people who have brought it have retired, then they may come out of their yourtas, and furtively fetch the food, which is to last them for six weeks or two months.

"It is impossible for me to describe the condition in which I found these poor people. In one yourta there were sixteen men and three women all living together. Yourtas are roughly built wooden rooms with damp earth for flooring. What light there is is admitted through a pane of ice four inches thick, which blocks up the window during the nine months of winter. To say that the people were grateful for what was done for them gives no idea of the intense feeling of awe and

JOHN DRYDEN AS LAUREATE.

"At a moment when the office of Poet Laureate is somewhat prominently before the public," writes Mr. J. Eliot Hodgkin, F.S.A., "a few words in reference to the appointment of one of the greatest poets who have filled that office may not be unacceptable. The original grant to Dryden (Privy Seal) is on parchment, and to be found at the Record Office. It is

addressed by Charles II. to 'our right trusty and well-beloved Counsellor, Sir Orlando Bridgman, Kt. and Bart., Keeper of our Great Seal of England, in his custody being,' and directs him to cause letters to be made patent for the purpose of constituting John Dryden Poet Laureate and Historiographer to the King. This grant is dated July 11, 1670, and is of great length, full of formalities, and too extensive for reproduction in your pages. But, fortunately, I am able to furnish a facsimile of the original entry recording the affixing of the Privy Seal on July 21 of the same year to the formal document, without which formality the deed was, of course, inoperative. This entry occurs in a very interesting little volume in my possession, in the holograph of Sir Edward Dering, who was from 1669 to 1673 head of the Commission of Privy Seal. The other Commissioners were Sir Thomas Strickland and Mr. Justice Millward. It is entitled *An account of all such things as passed the privy seal since we were entrusted with the keeping thereof*, and extends from Michaelmas 1669 to Christmas 1670. During this period 385 Privy Seals were granted, and the entries contain records not merely of the sealing, but of the various objections which were from time to time raised against the passing of divers of them, and of the way in which these were overcome. Many matters of great interest besides that under notice are touched upon in this record, among which may be mentioned the following—

"A grant to the Exchequer to pay to the Cofferer of his Majesty's household £100,000 for one year's expenses thereof; to pay to the Duke of Monmouth £9200 without account in satisfaction for what his Majesty oweth him; a grant to the Earle of Bedford and his heirs of a market every day in the year, except Sundays and Christmas Day, in the Piazza, Covent Garden, for selling fruits, flowers, roots, and herbes; the grant to Barbara, Countesse of Castlemain, of divers honours, including that of Dutchesse of Cleveland; and so on.

"The entry, of which a facsimile is annexed, is numbered 243, and comes between—

"242. A warrant to the Exchequer to pay to Sir Stephen Fox the sum of £10,000 without account to be employed for his Majesty's secret service; and—

"244. A prebend's place in Westminster, void by death of Dr. Triplett, granted to Dr. William Outram.

"It is worthy of notice that the office of Historiographer-General, now in abeyance in fact if not in form, was in Dryden's time allied with that of Poet Laureate."

Thursday July 21st 1670

A consheuer of John Dryden Mr of
Arts to be his majesties poet Laureate
and historiographer general at all
such princelies as Sir Geoffrey Chamber
or John Gover. John Leland Esqr Wilhm
Cundem Esqr Benjamin Johnson Esqr
James Howell Esqr or Sir John D'Avenant
had assigned. - at this yeary person
of 200^l p^{er} ann^u and a p^{er} p^{er} ann^u
w^{ith} out of his majesties willars.
Habund. During his majesties pleasure

FACSIMILE OF DRYDEN'S APPOINTMENT TO BE POET LAUREATE.

gratitude our presence excited. They could hardly believe that anybody cared to trouble themselves with such as they, and I think they at first took us to be the inhabitants of a higher and better world sent for a spell upon the earth to comfort and help them."

"And how about the herb you went to seek, Miss Marsden?"

"Well, the herb certainly alleviates every kind of scrofulous disease; but as for curing leprosy, it does nothing of the sort."

"And what was the practical result of your visit, besides the immediate alleviation of the miseries of these poor people?"

LITERATURE.

MR. FREEMAN'S LAST BOOK.

Sicily, Phœnician, Greek, and Roman. By Edward A. Freeman, Regius Professor of Modern History, Oxford, &c. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.)—It may safely be affirmed that no Englishman has printed so much in quantity as Mr. Freeman, whose recent loss all students of history deplore—so much in quantity and so high in quality. His powers of accumulating and retaining knowledge were phenomenal, his faculty of assimilating and reproducing the learning which he absorbed has seldom been equalled, and, perhaps, never been surpassed; his rapidity of literary execution was the envy of many a trained journalist. With such a rare combination of gifts it is not to be wondered at that his historical work had a character of audacity which men of average calibre were rather scared than attracted by. The very exhaustiveness of his method and the scale on which his undertakings were projected frightened the general reader who takes in his modicum of literature as a pastime, and does not expect to know so much as to know about any subject to which he thinks proper to direct his attention. Yet Freeman found readers, and found them by the thousand. He completed his "History of the Norman Conquest," which reached a third edition. He issued volume after volume of historical essays, no one of which could we well spare. His monographs on Wells Cathedral, on St. David's and Exeter, are in their way masterly. If his historical geography must be pronounced a fiasco, it is, at any rate, the only book we have on the subject that travels over that vast field; and even the single volume which he completed of the history of Federal Government affords a more elaborate presentment of the story of the Achæan League than can be found in Grote or Thirlwall. If it could not be said of him *nil tetigit quod non ornavit*, it is, at any rate, true that he never wrote without being suggestive; his very extravagances and those paradoxes in which he delighted were more full of hints and flashes of light than the laboured gnomes of calmer and less impassioned philosophers. But is his last work—the work on which he bestowed so many years of labour and research—is it, after all, anything but an historic paradox? Searching for some new world to annex, the conqueror may plant his standard upon a dark or icebound continent: but the questions still remain, Was it worth the venture, and now that we have won it, what have we gained?

This book was the last that came from Freeman's hand. It is a kind of minor legacy to posterity, on whom such men as he have an abiding claim of gratitude. Though I never met him but once, it is impossible to speak of Freeman except with a mournful and reverential regard. I hold him to have been one of the great teachers of his generation, and I can only envy those who can boast of having known the man and were the privileged pupils brought under the influence of his great personality.

Take this Sicily from the beginning and through all the period that Mr. Freeman's book deals with, and what a rag-bag of isolated events it affords! Sicily was a kind of no man's land where anyone might pitch his tent or build his city, and hold it as long as he could. But there was no unity, no empire, no stability, and hardly any law except the law of the stronger. Look back into the prehistoric ages and you find the Sicilians in the West, who, at some time or other, had been driven there by Sikels from the East; and elsewhere there are Elymians of another race, the wreckage, peradventure, of some earlier horde of emigrants. By-and-by Phœnician traders plant their factories, which grow into ports and cities, dotting the coastline for the convenience of trade and commerce. Then Greeks come in and settle in good earnest. "The real history of Sicily," says Mr. Freeman, "as a land playing a great part in the affairs of the world begins with the coming of the Greeks." But can we talk of a land "playing a part in the affairs of the world?" We can talk of Belgium as the "cockpit of Europe," but races and peoples and nations play the part, and it is on them our eyes are fixed, and not upon the theatre of their operations, except for such moments as they appear upon this or that limited area.

When we watch the actors on the stage of Sicily they are everywhere and at all times mere selfish adventurers—now and then splendid adventurers—traders even in the conduct of war, and doing their business as tyrants or dictators by the help of hired mercenaries, who were to be got cheap. The cities get wealthier and larger. Syracuse appeals to the imagination by its mere size. But there is nobleness or heroism nowhere—and nowhere self-sacrifice or anything resembling patriotism. Each successive scamp called himself a *liberator*, and the freedom of the populace meant the handing them over to a new master. The masses in these Sicilian cities were the masses indeed, mere morasses of sordid humanity sweltering in the ferment of a gross prosperity. Periodically some big bubble, raised from the depths by an inflation of more than ordinary wickedness, rose above the scum, danced in the sunlight, floated on the surface, and burst, only to be succeeded by another and another, each splendid for a little while, then vanishing! Phœnicia, Carthage, Greece, all sent out their emigrants, but unity, consolidation, nationality were impossible among this mixed multitude. It is an ugly record of disunion, disintegration. Prominent personages appear as phantoms, from Phalaris downwards. Poets sing their songs of the bliss of Sicily. Theocritus, with a graceful contempt, laughs at the bumpkin in the fields as poetasters do now, but turns away to dilate upon the real thing worth living for—to wit, a box at the opera, and the joy of listening to the gossip of the town and quizzing the last prima donna as she turns over her music while the band is beginning the prelude. Philosophers like Plato made the grand tour to visit this town or that, much as students of politics cross the Atlantic to see the wonders of San Francisco or Chicago, but they go back again to their homes, perhaps sadder, wiser men.

Rome comes in at last, and there is an end; but the scoundrelism of Sicily was infectious, it was in the air, and Verres outdid the older tyrants. For when a Roman gave his mind to it he beat the record of crime, let it be what it might. But Rome's sway was a blessing to the lovely land. It could not last, for nothing lasts beyond its appointed time. But Rome consolidated where tyrants and demagogues and citizen cliques scattered; she gathered where the rest strewed. It is grievously to be regretted that the great historian was not suffered to carry on the story of Sicily into the later time, when, at any rate, there was more romance and more picturesqueness in the drama that was acted on Sicilian soil; and though it may be the tale would have to tell of hideous massacre and cruelty and treachery as revolting as anything in the earlier time, yet the end is a crisis such as Rome never contemplated, and bringing a promise of enduring stability when freedom is based upon reverence for law and order, and that sentiment of national unity from which alone can grow up ennobling patriotism and that loyalty to a grand idea of brotherhood which binds men together by an enduring bond.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

A FAIRY TALE OF SCIENCE.

Olga's Dream. By Norley Chester. (Skeffington and Son.)—The author of this entertaining little book says he hopes it "may interest and please young children." But, bless you, that is not his game. He frankly owns that if his jokes and double meanings are rather above the heads of the young, but suitable for "children of a larger growth," his "purpose will be more completely fulfilled." And a desperately subtle purpose it is! The object of your nineteenth century fairy tale is to hold Critics up to scorn. It will not do for Mr. Chester to deny this, for he has engaged Mr. Irving Montagu to draw a picture of us, in which we figure as "busy people who like to have a finger in everyone else's pie," and (adds Mr. Chester with biting satire) "have seldom time to make a pie of their own." Mr. Montagu is pleased to represent us as a set of very ill-favoured creatures, inclined to baldness, middle-age, and inhumanity. One Critic, indeed, looks like a primæval denizen of the woods, addicted to cannibalism. It is cheering to think that in many a family circle this picture will be explained to inquiring youngsters somewhat in this style: "And here, you see, are the Critics—meddlesome monsters who cut up books which they never read. Ah! my dear Maud and Tommy, I pray that it may never be your hapless lot to fall into their clutches!" Then will ensue this piece of instructive dialogue—

TOMMY: But why shouldn't I be a Critic? It must be jolly to cut people up!

MAUD: That's what you did to my doll, you horrid boy! And what do you think, mother? Though the sawdust dripped away to the last drop before his eyes, he only laughed!

FOND PARENT (laying a monitory hand on Tommy's head): Thomas, remember your sainted uncle. You have often asked me how he died. I have kept the dreadful secret from you till now. But I must speak. Your uncle published his



"Olga could only just manage to touch the tips of his fingers."
From "Olga's Dream" (Skeffington and Son.)

sermons, and these Critics, whose repulsive faces you see in this book, tore them to pieces and broke his heart. Boy, would you learn the trade which killed your uncle? (Tommy bursts into howls of anguish, and scene closes on moving domestic tableau.)

Now, this is a pretty reputation for the unfortunate Critic, especially at Christmastide, when the children sit round the fire and shudder at stories of ogres. Mr. Chester is not severe on the Giant Science, who is benevolent though somewhat heavy-witted; and Mr. Harry Furniss draws a diverting portrait of History—an old lady who is very much distorted, and who complains that her best pictures have been stolen by her neighbour Fiction. There is nobody in the story, indeed, to play the bogey except the Critic and the wolf named Public Examination, who is about to devour little Blue-Bachelor Hood, when he is felled by a philanthropist called Healthy Recreation. More than this, there is a ballad for the behoof of the people who think that book-learning is the only passport to success in life. It is recited by a precocious lad, who thus adorns his tale—

Then I asked if they went on as now,
And only taught learning from books.
Who they'd find all their meadows to plough
And what they would do for their cooks?

That is a poser, and here is another—

For mine's a mere average brain,
And the one thing I want in my head
Is something to help me explain
The problem of earning my bread.

Here Mr. Chester touches the heart of the social mystery—an uncommon performance in a fairy tale. I shall not be surprised to hear that his ballad is recited in the House of Commons and at meetings of the unemployed. And if I have not succeeded in suggesting that this book is very readable, I have put my finger into Mr. Chester's pie to no purpose.—L. F. A.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

There is no foundation whatever for the suggestion of a contemporary that Mr. Thomas Hardy's story, "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved," has been "bowdlerised" for this Journal. The story has been printed direct from the author's manuscript, without the alteration or modification of a word or a line.

The announcement that Mr. George Meredith has been elected to succeed the late Lord Tennyson as President of the Society of Authors will awaken no surprise. Were the Society an Academy of Literature, there would doubtless be partisans of Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. William Morris to dispute with Mr. Meredith's friends on behalf of their hero's claims. But fiction is pre-eminently the "business" of the Society of Authors, and Mr. Meredith's place as the greatest living master in fiction is not now disputed by anyone.

It is stated that Mr. Lewis Morris has expressed his disappointment at not being asked to be one of the pallbearers at Lord Tennyson's funeral. 'Tis a pity, as so many of his brother poetasters would have died of chagrin, and the world would be the merrier. But it is more surprising that not one of the four or five really great men of letters was asked—Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. William Morris, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy. Instead of these we had Mr. Fronde and Mr. Lecky, two distinctly great historians—although one puts too much imagination into his history and the other too little—but not to be compared seriously with the others. Mr. Ruskin, however, was, and is, in far too delicate a state of health for a visit to London.

When Alfred Tennyson published his first volume, in 1830, one of the earliest greetings it received was an elaborate review in Moxon's *Englishman's Magazine*, which had just begun its brief but brilliant career. The article was anonymous, but its authorship was revealed three years later by the inclusion of a portion of it in the privately printed volume of the "Remains" of Arthur Hallam. The treatment was characteristic of one who was not merely the poet's "more-than-brother" friend, but also an accomplished and discriminating critic—enthusiastic, and, in the true sense, appreciative—anticipating confidently the great career so familiar to us, which he was not himself to witness, but of which his memory is an inalienable part.

The *Englishman's Magazine* is a very rare book, and the passages I am about to notice are not among those reprinted in the "Remains." After quoting the "Recollections of the Arabian Nights" in full, Hallam remarks: "Criticism will sound but poorly after this"; yet he ventures on a few objections, which, however, we may assume were not then for the first time urged on the poet's attention, but had been already amply discussed by the fireside, over a pipe, or on some all-golden afternoon under the towering sycamore. The force of some of these objections was recognised, and emendations duly followed, but to the pair most dogmatically advanced the poet turned a deaf ear.

"Rosaries of scented thorn," in the tenth stanza (wrote Hallam) is, we believe, an entirely unauthorised use of the word. Would our author translate 'biferique rosaria Pasti,' and 'rosaries of Pastum, twice in bloom'? Tennyson replied in effect, "Why not?" for the "rosaries" bloom through all his editions of sixty years. Was not Virgil's line itself sufficient authority? Why should the monkish Low Latin appropriation of *rosarium*, first for a chaplet and then for a string of beads on which to tell prayers, be a bar to our English Virgil? The French make a little distinction, using 'rosaire' for the chaplet and 'roseraie' for the rose-garden, the pronunciation of the latter being as nearly as possible 'rosary.' Chaucer was more timid than our Laureate, for, recognising the monks' appropriation, he used 'rosar' for a thicket of roses. "Certes they ben like to houndes: for an hounde whan he cometh by the rosar, or by other bushes" (Persones Tale). And again, he (or whoever sang the "Romaunt of the Rose")—

In thilke mirrour saw I tho,
Among a thousand thinges mo,
A roser charged full of rosis,
That with an hedge about enclois.

"Rosary" is frequently used colloquially for a rose-garden, but it would be more convenient to write "rosery," on the analogy of "pinery" and "rockery."

The other word which offended was "redolent," as used in the description of the Persian girl—

... a brow of pearl,
Tressed with redolent ebony.

"To the beautiful thirteenth stanza"—thus the censure ran—"we are sorry to find any objection; but even the bewitching loveliness of that Persian girl shall not prevent our performing the rigid duty we have undertaken, and we must hint to Mr. Tennyson that 'redolent' is no synonyme for 'fragrant.' Bees may be redolent of honey; spring may be 'redolent of youth and love'; but the absolute use of the word has, we fear, neither in Latin nor English, any better authority than the monastic epitaph on Fair Rosamond: '*Hic jacet in tombâ Rosa Mundi, non Rosa Munda, non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.*'"

The critic, however, is so charmed by the melody of the verse that he is unwilling to disturb it for the sake of what he considered grammatical propriety. The criticism is curious, and the critic seems to have been unaware that any English poet, save Dryden and Gray, had used the word. (One of them, by-the-way, Hallam misquotes, for Gray wrote "redolent of joy and youth.") To see how amply Tennyson was authorised in the absolute use of "redolent" by the example of his predecessors from Chaucer downwards, one has only to turn to Richardson's Dictionary—and, of course, the lexicographer's list is incomplete. An instance not cited by him occurs in "A litell orison or prayer to the blessed Virgine Saynte Werburge," at the end of Bradshaw's "Holy Lyfe and History" (c. 1490–1500) of that princess, reprinted by the Chetham Society—

O rutilant gemme, clerer than the cristalle!
O redolent rose replet with suavite!

The word "rutilant" in Bradshaw's first line is very rare. Dr. Richardson gives but a single example, and that a late one, while Webster finds nothing to add. "Parchments coloured with this rutilant mixture.—*Evelyn.*" The Greek and Latin meaning is "red," but in (old) French the verb "rutiler" took the secondary sense of "to shine or glitter." Though separated by two centuries, both Bradshaw and Evelyn seem to adhere to the root-meaning. I take Bradshaw's couplet to be meant for a sort of parallelism or antiphony—the red rose in the second line answering to the red or ruddy gem of the first. But this may be only a fancy. Doubtless Dr. Murray has in his pigeonholes other examples which will explain the evolution of "rutilant"—but that will be for the benefit of some future generation. K.

The Emperor.

The Empress in Gallery.
The Duke of York.



CONSECRATION OF THE RESTORED SCHLOSSKIRCHE AT WITTENBERG, BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON.

Luther's Tomb.

SHELLEY'S "ST. IRVYNE."

BY ANDREW LANG.

In most lives of Shelley, his novel "St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian," is mentioned, but few biographers give an account of this romance. For it is a romance—not a psychological analysis. Publishing in 1811, as "A Gentleman of Oxford," Bysshe was already the ardent soul which joyed in solitary mountain heights, virtue, free love, and the excesses of Nature in her wildest moods. Shelley's style here is more like that of a Baboo than an Englishman, so fond is he of the longest words in the language. He has drunk deep of Mrs. Radcliffe's well, and his novel is "horrid" enough for Catharine Morland in "Northanger Abbey."

"Red thunder-clouds, borne on the wing of the midnight whirlwind, floated, at fits, athwart the crimson-coloured orbit of the moon," Shelley begins, and you feel at once that this is to be no tame record of middle-class life. "In this scene, then, at this horrible and tempestuous hour . . . stood Wolfstein," imploring the lightning to ravage his young brows and knock him out of space, out of time. "His impious expressions were borne on by the hot and sulphurous thunderblast." Wolfstein fainted, when some monks came by with torches, considering the time and place auspicious for a funeral. They brought Wolfstein out of his faint, but were themselves instantly attacked by bandits, who eked out a precarious livelihood by robbing travellers in these remote and inaccessible summits. "The robbers then despoiled the monks of whatever they might have adventitiously taken with them," as men likely to need pocket-money in the course of a midnight funeral. As Wolfstein had not a penny, they proposed to him to join their band, which he did instantly. They all went home, opening an invisible door in the solid rock, and "the most exquisite and expensive wines apologised for the rusticity of the rest of the entertainment." All went well till the bandits murdered a gentleman and bore his daughter to their cavern. "Her blue and love-beaming eyes, from which occasionally emanated a wild expression, seemingly almost superhuman, and the auburn hair, which hung in unconfined tresses down her damask cheek, formed a resistless *tout ensemble*!" Wolfstein did not resist these young charms; on the contrary, he tried to poison the bandit chief with a white powder, but was baffled by Ginotti, one of the boldest of the robbers. Megalena (the owner of the *tout ensemble*) resisted the passion of the chief. The festival, therefore, went on, and one of the robbers obliged the audience with a long ballad. Wolfstein seized his chance when the chief was listening, and dropped in his white powder. The chief instantly expired in agonies. Wolfstein confessed his offence, and was kicked out by the other robbers. Outside he met Megalena, who had made her escape in the general confusion, "and, before they quitted the spot, so far had reciprocal feeling prevailed, that they swore mutual affection." Megalena's father was still sticking on a rock, which had perforated his noble person, but her emotions were disengaged, and to a remark of Wolfstein's she "returned no answer save a look of else inexpressible love." So they went to an inn, and Megalena "retired to an inconvenient bed," while Wolfstein lay on a bench by the fireside. "Yet even now was he ill at ease." A man of gigantic stature, masked, soon afterwards interrupted a tender scene: it was Ginotti, the brigand! "Megalena was surprised," Ginotti only asked Wolfstein to listen to his story, and to bury him when he needed it. Wolfstein swore to do all this, and Ginotti went away. The young people went to Genoa, and Megalena "became convinced," in a truly Shelleyan way, "that to be Wolfstein's is not criminal." The "fearfully gleaming eyeball" of Ginotti fascinated Wolfstein at a ducal ball, where he and his Megalena were naturally invited. He now became bored with Megalena, who had no conversation, and he took to roulette.

Ginotti haunted him, disguised as a chairman. "'You, Wolfstein,' he said, 'I have singled out to make the depositary'—he ceased, and abruptly quitted the spot."

One Olympia now fell in love with Wolfstein: "the anticipation of gratified voluptuousness swelled her bosom even to bursting." "She showed a bosom compressed to explode," as Mr. George Meredith has it. So it exploded; she went to Wolfstein and made love to him. She then fainted twice; and Megalena came in and said she would go if Wolfstein did not murder Olympia. So he asked her for a dagger (such is Italian passion), went to Olympia's room, and faltered. She, however, plunged the dirk in her own alabaster bosom. We are now suddenly introduced to Eloise de St. Irvyne, who is left an orphan in Geneva. At the hour of her mother's death a stranger asks her to "meet him at the Abbey at ten o'clock."

Oddly enough, we go straight back to Megalena and Wolfstein, both leading a very loose life. They are haunted by Ginotti, who at last meets Wolfstein and tells him his fatal story. But, instead of hearing it, we are hurried back to Eloise, meeting a gigantic lover at 10 p.m. on the day of her lamented mother's funeral. She goes with him to his country house. Here she refuted Shelleyan arguments on Free Love for some time with success; but, alas! she was ultimately

overpowered by the logic of her betrayer. "Regret, horror, and misery arise: they shake their Gorgon locks at Eloise." So we go back to Wolfstein and Ginotti's story. He had the secret of immortality, and I have very little doubt now that "She" was really plagiarised from Shelley. "Take," said Ginotti, "— and — and —. Mix them according to the directions which this book will communicate to you. Seek, at

Eloise was his sister, we learn on the last page, but no other explanation is given of this extraordinary rigmarole. Shelleyan it is in its views of marriage and of virtue, and in its desolating absence of humour, a darkness that can be felt. It proves that Shelley at Oxford was a donkey, and also demonstrates that we can never tell how a young wild ass may turn out. No mortal, in "St. Irvyne," could have detected the poet that was to be; the social reformer remained unaltered. Shelley, to be frank, fabled to Godwin about the date of "St. Irvyne," pretending that it was published before he was seventeen. Such is virtue.

SIR RICHARD OWEN.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Holman Hunt we are enabled to give a reproduction of his portrait of Sir Richard Owen, which was first exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery in 1878. Although earlier portraits of the distinguished savant exist—notably one by Pickersgill—the value of this consists not only in its being the work of so eminent an artist as Mr. Holman Hunt, but also the final transcript of Sir Richard's striking features on the eve of his retirement from his long public career.

Sir Richard entered very heartily into the painting of this portrait, the vivacity of expression which the artist has secured being helped by the sitter pouring out story after story from the treasure-house of his active life, for Sir Richard, in his prime, was a prince among raconteurs. It is interesting to know that the gown in which he is painted was worn by the distinguished surgeon John Hunter, who died in 1793, and of whose anatomical museum in the Royal College of Surgeons Sir Richard was appointed conservator as far back as 1835. The robe had become a thing of "shreds and patches," and was on its way to the limbo of cast-off clothing when Sir Richard begged leave to keep it. In that relic, we believe, he has expressed the wish to be buried, an event which one hopes, in spite of his recent illness, may still be very far distant.

There can be no question that the fitting home of the portrait is in the great hall of the Natural History Museum, which is practically the creation of Sir Richard Owen, and we feel sure that when the time comes for discussing this matter there will not be lacking public spirit to give it effect.

THE NEW PARK AT COLCHESTER.

The opening of the new Castle Park at Colchester, on Oct. 20, in the presence of the Lord Mayor of London and the mayors of several towns in Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, and of the Right Hon. Herbert Gardner, M.P., Minister of Agriculture, has been mentioned. In acquiring for the townspeople this agreeably situated place of recreation, the Colchester Corporation has rendered also to the historical antiquary some aid in preserving a memorial of the locality associated with incidents of the siege of that town in 1648 by the Commonwealth or Parliamentary Army during the Civil War, when it was defended against General Fairfax by two eminent Royalists, Sir George Lisle and Sir Charles Lucas, and both those gentlemen were cruelly and unjustly put to death after the surrender of the town. The park has been skilfully laid out by order of the Corporation; and the iron gates, designed and manufactured by Messrs. Barnard, Bishop, and Barnard (Limited), of the Norfolk Ironworks at Norwich, are shown in our Illustration. They are made entirely of wrought and hammered iron; there are two carriage-gates, 10 ft. high and 13 ft. wide, and two side-gates 5 ft. wide. The former display shields, with the Corporation arms in relief, emblazoned in colours, and there is rich leaf and scroll ornamentation. The silver key for the opening ceremony was made by the same firm. Similar gates will be erected at another entrance to the park. The bequest of £3000 by the late Mr. R. D. Catchpole, with donations of £500 by Mr. J. Round, M.P., and another gentleman, has mainly contributed to the purchase of this park.

Colchester, at the head of the Colne navigation and of a long inlet on the eastern coast of Essex, fifty miles from London, is a thriving town of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, the metropolis of the oyster fishery and trade, and most interesting to antiquaries, being probably the Roman Camalodunum, the capital of the Trinobantes and of King Cunobelin or "Cymbeline." Many relics of Roman architecture, sculpture, and metal work have been found in this place; and the collections of the Corporation and of the Essex Archaeological Society are especially valuable. The Castle, built by Eudo Dapifer, steward to William Rufus, is a massive Norman building, with walls 30 ft. thick at the base and 11 ft. thick in the upper storey; it occupies a space of 140 ft. by 102 ft. on the hill north of High Street. The town walls, encompassing an area of 100 yards by 600 yards, are in great part still remaining. The ruins of St. Botolph's Church, originally the chapel of an Augustinian priory, which was severely battered by the besiegers' cannonade in 1648, attest the historical experiences of Colchester in past ages. On the promenade north of the Castle, henceforth called the "Lord Mayor's Walk," trees were planted by all the Mayors present at the opening of the park. An obelisk has been erected by Councillor Henry Laver, in memory of Lucas and Lisle.



SIR RICHARD OWEN.

FROM THE PICTURE BY MR. HOLMAN HUNT.

midnight, the castle of St. Irvyne, in France, and there—I need say no more—there you will meet with me." Eloise was now lost, in a gambling transaction, to the Chevalier Mountfort. She liked Mountfort. "Ah! but," said Eloise, hesitatingly, "what will the"—"world say," she was about to have added, but she felt that it was really too late to care for what the world said. She therefore went to Mountfort's "cottage ornée," where she yielded her heart to his Irish friend FitzEustace. She then gave birth to a child of her original lover's, which FitzEustace "cherished with the affection of a father"—a passage truly worthy of Shelley. Oh, Horsham! oh, Mr. Stanley Little! behold your admired author! Yet FitzEustace was not happy. "Eloise," he said, "I know I ought not to grieve, but you will, perhaps, pardon me when I say that a father's curse, whether from prejudice of education or the innate consciousness of its horror, agitates my mind. He,



IRON GATES OF THE NEW CASTLE PARK AT COLCHESTER.

therefore, with a view to avoiding a father's curse, suggested—'Nay, do not start, Eloise'—that they should be married. "It is, at least, harmless, to those who think like us," that like Shelley and Miss Godwin, in later years. "Well, well, it shall be done, FitzEustace," said Eloise. So they went to England and were happy. "Prejudice may triumph for a while, but virtue will inevitably be the conqueror." Finally, Wolfstein expired in terrible convulsions.

A JOURNEY THROUGH YEMEN.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS, F.R.G.S.

VII. — SANAA TO HODAIDAH.

After leaving the outer wall of Sanaa the road lies for a few miles across the level valley in which the city is situated. Then one reaches the foot of a bold range of limestone mountains, up which the ascent is by no means an easy matter, although the road is kept in repair by the Turks. One winds first this way and then that for a couple of hours or more, until, in fact, is reached a kind of plateau that lies on the summit. About this elevated plain of broken rock lie villages, all more or less ruined from the attack the Turkish soldiers made upon them after dislodging Sid es Sherai from Hajaret-el-Mehedi, a place a few miles farther on. At the café of Metneh we halted for our midday meal and rest. A stone building of some size serves as a caravanserai, large enough for both mules and men. Here we met quite a number of Turkish troops on their way to Sanaa, and it was amusing to hear them discussing my presence with some Arab merchants who happened also to be resting there. The conclusion they finally agreed upon was that the presence of a Christian in the country foretold the fall of Yemen into European hands, and the sooner they (the Muslims) got out of it the better. It was flattering, at any rate, to hear oneself considered of such vital importance to the interests of a country as large as Yemen; nor did their knowledge that I was, in fact, a prisoner in the hands of a guard seem to lessen their opinion of me. On finding out that I spoke Arabic, we all lunched together, and very pleasant and polite they were; in fact, the party, representing in the Arabs the rebels, in the Turks the cruel oppressors and conquerors, and in myself the future of Yemen (!) (for such they deemed my presence to foretell), went off very well considering, and we parted with all the protestations of the profoundest respect for one another.

Pushing on again, and still ascending, the road became very bad, passing between and over great boulders of rock.



TURKISH TROOPS ON THE MARCH NEAR METNEH, ON THE ROAD BETWEEN SANAA AND HODAIDAH.

However, the view from the summit of the mountains was so magnificent that I almost forgot my fever and the awkward path we were traversing in my admiration. We were passing along a ridge of the mountain chain and looking down into an enormous valley, thousands of feet below us, full of luxuriant coffee-groves, and dotted with villages, on to the roofs of the houses of which we seemed to peer straight down. Beyond were other mountains, torn into the wildest and most fantastic peaks. Everywhere below we could see the sun sparkling on streams of water, and at places could even hear the echo of its music so far away.

Sunset overtook us as we commenced to descend, and by the time we reached the upper part of the village of Sok el Khamis, where a number of Turkish soldiers were encamped, and picketed so as to keep open the line of communication between Sanaa and the coast, it was dark. Proceeding farther for about half an hour, we drew up, in total darkness, before the caravanserai, one of the tower-like houses we were now becoming so accustomed to. We found that provisions were scarce, but the host managed to raise a solitary fowl, which, as the owner amusingly put it, had survived the rebellion. I could not help remarking that, judging by its consistency, it might have survived many. One room was all we could obtain, and the fact that I was willing to share it, not only with my servants but with my soldiers as well, put me on good terms with my guard, who turned out to be good fellows on the whole.

The view from Sok el Khamis when we started at sunrise was a glorious one. The mountain-tops, range beyond range, raised their blue heads from a sea of pale opalescent mist. Our road was a steep descent, winding along the mountain

side, but so lovely that one forgot its steepness. At one place was a charming spot, a little mosque and fountain, leaning, as it were, over the edge of a small precipice, below which were luxuriant trees. Far above, the ruins of a village told of the victorious march of the Turks from Hodaidah.

At length the valley was reached, and, passing under the fortress and a Turkish camp at Mefhak, we commenced once more to ascend. At one time, for the distance of a mile or more, the scene was quite lovely. Our road lay through a small gorge, on each side of which were walls of rock, some sixty to a hundred feet in height. The path was narrow at the bottom, but sandy and easy to travel over, being in reality the bed of a small stream. As we proceeded, the scenery increased in grandeur and wildness. A climb by a rocky path, kept, however, in slightly better condition than those we had travelled over between Aden and the capital, of no less than 2400 ft., brought us to the little town of Menakha.

All the wonderfully situated places I had already seen in Yemen and elsewhere were surpassed by Menakha. It is built on a mere ridge of rock joining two distinct mountains, with a precipice on each side. There are places in the little stone-built town where one can stand and gaze thousands of feet down into valleys on either hand. How different, though, were these two valleys! That we had descended from lay black and gloomy below us, its bare rocky walls not half hidden by the stunted vegetation which clung to them. The other, terraced for cultivation, full of villages and coffee-groves, of banana plantations and running water, a very paradise of verdure.

The town of Menakha is but a small one. It boasts, however, some claim to being a civilised place, as, on account of its great altitude above the sea-level—for it stands at over seven thousand eight hundred feet—the Turks use it as a sanatorium, and have built a military hospital of no mean pretensions. The bazaars are small, but there two or three good shops kept by Turks, and one by a Greek who spoke English, the first I had heard since leaving Aden. He had been for some time a servant at Suakim, and had there acquired the language. On my arrival I was conducted by my guards into the presence of the governor, where coffee and cigarettes were handed round. He was polite but suspicious; however, my soldiers had brought him written orders, so that I was not troubled with many questions. A room in the Government building was got ready for me—a clean, unfurnished apartment. I found everyone most polite and obliging.

The following morning we were off at sunrise. The road from Menakha runs for the first few miles along the edge of a mountain, and then, crossing a ridge, enters a second valley. Near this spot is the beautifully situated town of Hajara, which, with its walls and towers, is a veritable Windsor Castle. It stands on the summit of a rocky eminence and is surrounded on all sides by precipices. The road after this becomes much more easy to travel over, having lately been repaired by the Turks. In most places between Menakha and the desert it is a regular carriage road. After a few hours of descent we reached the village of Wisil, where we alighted to take coffee and lunch under the shade of some mat-huts and a huge tree. Needless to say the view was truly magnificent. Wooded valleys and mountains lay on all sides of us, capped by extraordinarily fashioned peaks of bare rock. Far, far away to the west we could see the desert, a sea of undulating sand and broken rocky ridges. Just before sunset we reached Hojaila, at the foot of the mountains, a village boasting a custom-house, or jimerouk, a rough fort, and at the time of my visit a large camp of Turkish soldiers, the whole surrounded by earthworks. It was at this spot that the Turkish reinforcements met with the first resistance on the part of the Arabs, during the march of Ahmed Feizi Pasha to relieve Sanaa, at that time in a state of siege. A number of graves showed that either the Arabs or disease had largely thinned the Turkish ranks. Here, too, was a curious sight: a couple of open carriages of European make, on their way to the Governor-General at the capital; but although the road from the coast, so far, had been a sandy level, the wheel of one was already broken. In what state they must have arrived at Sanaa, if they ever got there at all after the difficulties yet in front of them, it is impossible to surmise. Matchwood, probably!

We had lost a day at Manakha, and my guard wished to hurry me on to the coast as quickly as possible, so only a few hours were given me for rest at Hojaila, and shortly after dark we were off again. It was a long but lovely night's march, the moon shone on the desert and turned everything to silver and sapphire, while the travelling on the level was much more restful than that we had experienced since leaving the plains north of Aden.

Early in the morning we reached Bohay, and rested and slept for a few hours, continuing our march at daybreak to Bajil, where there is a Turkish fort. We arrived about 10 a.m., having been on the move nineteen out of the last twenty-four hours. However, a longer spell of rest was given me at Bajil, and here, too, I found experts of "massage," than which there



HODAIDAH.

is no greater luxury after desert travel. The village is a large one, lying on the level plain near a range of low hills. It is an oasis, and quite a number of trees—palms and mimosas—add a charm to the place it would otherwise have lacked. The Turkish fort is a large castle, built half of stone and half of mud, the rest of the houses, with but few exceptions, being of thatch or canes. The café was a great yard surrounded by these mat-huts, which are cool and pleasant. Spending the heat of the day here, we proceeded an hour before sunset with our journey over the desert, arriving at 1 a.m. at a rest-house built by the way, where, thoroughly tired, and with a slight fever, I rested for a couple of hours, and then set out again. The early morning was delicious, and the scent of the mimosa-bushes, with which the desert was sprinkled, refreshing; but before we reached our destination the sun was terrifically hot. At length, over the innumerable sand dunes the white houses of Hodaidah shone forth, and beyond the blue sea.

Passing through the palm-groves that form the approach to the city, we entered by a large gate. A short way through the narrow streets, and a poor Turko-Greek café was reached, where I engaged a room. My touch of fever of the previous night now became violent, but my journey was over, and as soon as my mules were unpacked I threw myself down in my upper chamber to sleep. So ended my journey through Yemen.



VIEW NEAR MENAKHA.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OILS.

The annual exhibition of the works of members of the Institute and their friends has for some cause failed to convey the impression that English art was not sufficiently represented by the summer gathering at Burlington House. We have no lack of adepts in oil-painting, and their productions are even too numerous; and therefore one cannot but regret that from the outset—only ten years ago—the Council of the Institute did not make some effort to give their exhibition a *cachet* of distinction. As it is, the walls are overlaid with commonplace works, which in reality do damage to the score of really good pictures to be found in the room, while some few otherwise skilful artists seem to imagine that by increasing the size of their canvas they give importance to threadbare ideas or second-rate compositions.

The President, Sir J. D. Linton, is a master of figure-painting, but his landscape work shows very little more than mere consummate cleverness of execution. For his figures, he has been accustomed to combine character and style; but in

also very well painted and drawn.

In the Central Gallery there is perhaps less to attract notice than in the two smaller rooms. Mr. Edgar Barclay's "Restless Clouds" (326) is in many respects the most thoroughly original bit of work, and shows a determined effort to solve a difficult problem in painting; and Mr. C. E. Holloway's sea study, "On the East Coast" (307), renders well the restless movement of the water in distinction with the comparatively motionless

clouds. Mr. Joseph Farquharson's "In the Shadow of the Great Pyramid" (291) is one of the most effective of his Egyptian pictures, and he has not hesitated to bring out the strong contrasts of the dark Arabians against the colourless background; Mr. Solomon J. Solomon sends a "Souvenir of the Desert" (238), an Arab on a small horse, painted with infinite vigour and truthfulness. Mr. Fred G. Cotman's "Twilight" (225), although rather like a composition, is well lighted; and Mr. James Orrock's "Beal Sands" (257), with Holy Island in the distance, vividly recalls the bleak north-eastern coast, where this artist has found more than one subject worthy of his skilful brush. Mr. J. Michie's "In the Shadow" (413), Mr. Richard Wane's "On the Manx Coast" (322), Miss Aileen McLachlan's "Afternoon" (331), and her "Angler" (373), Mr. Louis Grier's "Salmon Fishing on the Dart" (362), Mr. Stritch Hutton's "Hill and Dale" (356), Mr. Herbert Marshall's bright and cloudless view of "Chelsea" (415), which matches almost with Mr. Aumonier's "Belluno" (394), are all works which show something more than mere manual dexterity, and suggest a distinctly imaginative sense, rarely traceable among our ordinary landscape-painters.

Of the figure pictures, Miss Edith Cannon's "Santa Cecilia" (286), on its burnished gold background, is a well intentioned attempt to revive an old style of religious art, for which the times and the taste have alike passed away. Mr. L. Raven-Hill's "Bank Holiday" (324), with its boisterous vulgarity, is more in tune with modern feeling, unless Mr. George Gascoyne's "Gardeuse des Vaches" (361), with its French mannerism, be accepted as a more flattering appreciation of the times; Mr. Melton Fisher's "Venetian Girl" (382), like all his work, shows great delicacy as well as boldness of touch; but Mr. T. B. Kennington's "Engaged" (370), a group of three girls discussing the fate of one of them, is a trifle too dressy and modish. Mr. John R. Reid's "Toby's Rehearsal" (263) is refreshing in its earnestness and as a contrast



"And beauty born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face."

ERNEST NORMAND.

these "cottage-door" studies, "Approaching Michaelmas" (143) and "The Old Story" (244), there is nothing besides the workmanship to give value to the pictures. "Sweetwater" (150) belongs to a slightly higher order, and in the play of the light upon the silent pool one can trace a true sympathy with nature. Mr. Davidson Knowles's "First Time of Asking" (44) is one of the best figure-pieces in the room, depicting a fresh, pleasing girl, in a graceful pose, leaning on a stile with an open letter in her hand. Mr. Hacker's portrait of Mr. Cleverly (19) and Mr. Kennedy's fair-haired boy, "Horas" (122) are also worthy of notice; but the most striking of all is Mrs. Marianne Stokes's "Girl Knitting" (162), which for forcible drawing and bold colouring is altogether without a rival. Mr. H. M. Livens's "Solo" (168), a fine old cock, surrounded by his zenana, on a perch, and saluting the break of morn, is

religious art, for which the times and the taste have alike passed away. Mr. L. Raven-Hill's "Bank Holiday" (324), with its boisterous vulgarity, is more in tune with modern feeling, unless Mr. George Gascoyne's "Gardeuse des Vaches" (361), with its French mannerism, be accepted as a more flattering appreciation of the times; Mr. Melton Fisher's "Venetian Girl" (382), like all his work, shows great delicacy as well as boldness of touch; but Mr. T. B. Kennington's "Engaged" (370), a group of three girls discussing the fate of one of them, is a trifle too dressy and modish. Mr. John R. Reid's "Toby's Rehearsal" (263) is refreshing in its earnestness and as a contrast



"SUNSET—KATWYK BEACH, HOLLAND."—EDWIN HAYES, R.H.A., R.I.

to Mr. Burton Barber's "Under a Spell" (145), in the preceding room. There is a certain amount of humour and a good deal of cleverness in Mr. Arthur Burreington's "Punch and Judy" (233) disturbing the scholars of an old-fashioned dame's school, and Mr. Frank Dadd's "Unwelcome News" (184), although slightly recalling a picture by Mr. Briton Riviere, is skilful. Mr. J. T. Nettleship's "Mighty Hunter" (200), Mr. Leslie Thomson's "Bathers" (318), and Mr. G. G. Kilburne's "A Very Important Matter" (357) are also worthy of notice.

In the East Gallery is to be found almost the only instance of purely imaginative work, in Mr. Henry J. Stock's "A Dream of the Worlds" (447), representing the soul of man gazing on the spheres rolling in space, and affording the artist scope for some remarkable colouring. Mr. J. R. Weguelin's "Little Sea-Maid" (428), on the other hand, is a somewhat prosaic treatment of Hans Christian Andersen's touching story of the child with a fish-tail. Mr. Chevallier Taylor may be congratulated on his "Confirmation Day" (532), the light from the window through the girl's muslin dress and veil being admirably rendered; while another prophet of the Newlyn school,



"SUMMER."—JOHN SCOTT, R.I.

Mr. Frank Brangwyn, shows the other extreme of broad painting and bright colouring in his "Slave Traders" (631) seated on the deck of their dhow in the blazing sun. We cannot close this cursory view of the contents of the Institute without noticing three pictures which hang sufficiently near to each other to serve as useful subjects of study in the matter of atmospheric effect. These are Mr. Fred G. Cotman's "Birth of a Storm" (549), quite his best work, Mr. Ernest Parton's "Autumn Morning" (558), and Mr. Edgar Barclay's "Summer Sunrise" (566). The first two are essentially English scenes with English colouring, but the last, with its rich orange tones in the clouds, belongs to a more southern clime; but in each we can recognise the best side of English landscape-painting.



"ST. VALENTINE'S DAY."—J. HAYNES-WILLIAMS.



"LOVE AMONG THE RUINS."—BY E. BURNE-JONES, A.R.A.
FROM A PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF FREDERICK CRAVEN, ESQ., OF BAKWELL.

THE LITTLE CHRONICLE.

The death of Lieutenant Schwatka by suicide supplies another illustration of a curious fact which is not often remarked upon. Lieutenant Schwatka was an Arctic explorer; and madness (more or less acute) is by no means an infrequent consequence of Arctic exploration. Considering the privation, the silence, the solitude, the alternation of exhausting labour with long spells of idleness in murk and cold, this result would be less remarkable if it were always or usually immediate; but that does not seem to be the case. Men who come through their sufferings well enough, apparently, soon picking up again whatever loss of "condition" they may have endured from their many months of hardship, suddenly lose their minds, or drop by quick degrees into insanity. One terrible case of madness on the spot is known. The ships of a certain expedition being locked in the ice, provisions running out, absolute starvation not far off, a sub-officer was despatched overland with a company of men to some distant point where it was thought relief supplies might have been deposited. It was a long, long journey; and the little expedition had a hard time of it, dragging at the sledges which it was hoped—but not much—might be loaded with food on the journey back. The party had been out for some time—the way lengthened by the weakness of the men and by cruel difficulties of one sort and another—when the officer in command began to show signs of insanity, and no sooner had they taken definite shape than he went wildly mad. In this condition he had to be tied down in one of the sledges, and the forlorn little expedition went on again to the music of its commander's ravings.

A striking case of after-madness was that of Captain C—. Returning from another of these profitless undertakings, Captain C—, who was a Queen's officer, thought himself grossly neglected. Year after year went by, but no ship was given to him, though he was a man of high connections, and (after he had waited a while in silent expectancy) never ceased from solicitation and complaint. He was still unemployed when a certain great nobleman, who was a friend and kinsman of Captain C—, celebrated the rebuilding of his house in the north by a series of entertainments. The shipless captain was among those who were invited to share these festivities; and at dinner one evening he was dilating on his grievances in the hearing of an Admiralty official (between whom and his host a little surprise had been arranged), when a servant brought to him a portentous-looking letter, magnificently sealed. Within he found notification that Captain C— had been appointed to H.M.S. So-and-so, and was desired to take command at once. In a few hours he was on his way to Portsmouth. A few hours more and he was rowed off to his ship with all the etiquettes, proudly mounted to the quarter-deck, and was no sooner there than he went raving mad. No doubt the same malady, similarly induced, accounts for the suicide of Lieutenant Schwatka.

Grave additions have been made of late to a long series of accidents to the Queen's ships; and there is no denying that they are accidents of a very unpleasant kind. Now they speak of defective or ill-calculated construction, and now again they seem to suggest decline in seamanship. Either would be a terrible falling off for a nation so long distinguished in the mechanical arts and so mighty proud (and yet not more than enough) of the skill and resource of her seamen. A few more of such accidents, and alarm on both these points will be reasonable; but when they have been thoroughly looked into we shall probably find the truth to be this: The mechanical difficulties of building these monstrous vessels, or rather of supplying them with the due propelling power under safe control, are always great; and in many cases they are met in (necessarily) an experimental way. Ever new designs, ever new requirements introduce experiments much too often; and, not to speak of the complications of a war-ship's machinery, equipment, iron and steel are not such simple, calculable, trustworthy materials as heart of oak. Besides, it is much more easy to conceal scamped, or defective, or miscalculated work in a war-ship of our time than it was in a war-ship of Nelson's. As to the other point, there is no reason whatever to fear a decline in British seacraft. The old capacity is there, and never fails to reveal itself under the old conditions. But in the Queen's Navy the conditions are not the same as of old; far from it. No captain can be quite at home in half the huge boxes of machinery that do duty for ships. They change and are so various that there is nothing like the continuity of use and education that command in the old men-of-war afforded, when every seaman soon ascertained what each ship could and couldn't do, or would and wouldn't do, under given circumstances. As it is, the most experienced officers are in doubt as to what escapes from management may happen when two fleets of these vast steam-driven masses of iron close in pitched battle. But one thing should keep us easy. One navy is no better off than another in this respect; and if there are no such opportunities for seamanship as there used to be, our men know better than others how to make the most of what remain.

Some complaining representatives of labour were recently told by one of her Majesty's Ministers that pauperism had greatly declined; and to prove it he adduced workhouse statistics unimpeachably correct. But as often as these figures are used to show the decline of pauperism, just as often should it be repeated that they are no measure of poverty. Lessened distress may account for them in some degree, and no doubt does; but, speaking broadly, the true explanation of the difference between the pauper statistics of to-day and of twenty-five years since is the abolition or extreme limitation of outdoor relief. Under any circumstances, that would have reduced the number of "paupers"; but meantime there has been an advance of education, and therewith of self-respect, which has vastly increased the common hatred of "going into the house." In short, a far greater number of poor people prefer to starve out of "the house"; and it is obvious that, though that fact allows anyone to say that pauperism has diminished, it does not permit him to assume that poverty has declined.

The unfortunate "strike" in the cotton trade, by which tens of thousands of hands drop their wages (but it will not be for long) still more inclines us to think that the distress which is so generally anticipated will be greater in the provinces than in London this winter. It is in the manufacturing centres of Yorkshire and Lancashire that the McKinley tariff has made most havoc. Half-a-dozen great provincial industries—the Sheffield trade, the silk trade, the trade in woollen goods, for example—have been very hardly hit; and the thousands of artisans who have been thrown out of work by the operation of the tariff know that they can scarcely better themselves by coming to London, where the employment they are accustomed to is not to be found. The decline of trade will be felt in the capital, of course; but not as it will be felt in more than one, or two, or three provincial cities.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J J Cox.—You can Castle so long as the King does not move over or on a square attacked by an adverse piece.

J HOLLEMAN (Potchefstroom).—Your solution of No. 2527 is correct. The point you raise is a novel one, but we do not think the result as you state it is a necessary consequence.

F A TAYLOR (Gibraltar).—The continuation you give is a variation of the problem. We do not ask solvers to give every variation. The main-line of play is always sufficient.

B W LA MOTHE (New York).—Thanks for card and information.

W H EATON (Stratford-on-Avon).—The game must stand and be counted with the rest.

JOSE SYDER (Parada de Goutal).—You must look at No. 2533 again. But you fall in good company: it has puzzled nearly all our solvers. Mortimer's "Chess-Player's Pocket-Book" (Wyman and Sons, London), price 1s.

R GUERIN (Stafford).—See answers on the subject last week.

F KELLNER (Leipzig).—In the main play of your No. 5, if Black play 2. P to Q 4th there is no mate.

DR F ST (Camberwell).—Your last version seems sound, and shall appear at an early date.

J COAD.—A very commendable analysis, but still insufficient.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2524 and 2525 received from O H B (Barkly East); of No. 2526 from Surgeon-Captain R Anderson (Bhutan); O H B, and Fritz Kan (Potchefstroom); of No. 2529 from F A Taylor (Gibraltar); of No. 2530 from Charles Burnett; of No. 2531 from Chy, J W Shaw (Montreal); A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter); and Charles Burnett; of No. 2532 from V (Turkey); Charles Burnett, and A W Hamilton-Gell; of No. 2533 from Alpha, Charles Burnett, and G Joyce.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2534 received from E Loudon, R Worters, (Canterbury), W Guy (Johnstone), Sorrento (Dawlish), A Sage, Martin F, C E Percini, Julia Short (Exeter), Joseph Willcock (Chester), J Coad, Alpha, L Schin (Vienna), Charles Burnett, J W Blagg, Walter W Hooper (Plymouth), Columbus, E R H, Blair H Cochrane (Clever), T G (Ware), Blunt, Walter H Windus (Hendfield), G Joyce, J Hall, A Newman, Hermit, J W Gerton (Boulogne), C M A B, Rev J W Brown, M A Eyre (Boulogne), Robert Greening, Dawn, T Roberts, W P Hind, H B Hurford, J R Dow, Sladforth, G Belsaw (Limerick), Fortamps (Brussels), Admiral Brandreth, V Anz y del Frago (Pamplona), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Odham Club, E H Whiffled, J S Mallow, Dr F St, A T Froggatt (Kilkenny), P G Knight, H S Brandreth, R H Brooks, J F Moon, Hereward, W R Rallien, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), L Desanges, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), and W R B (Plymouth).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2532.—By J. F. MOON.

WHITE.
1. K to R 4th
2. Kt takes B (ch)
3. P mates.

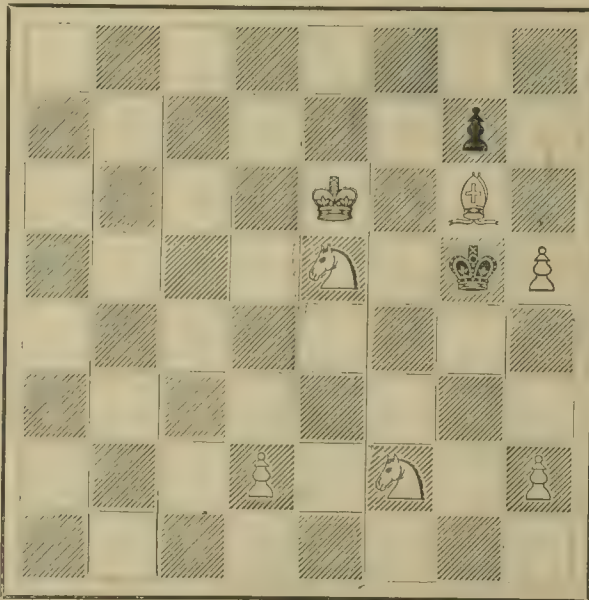
BLACK.
B takes Q (ch)
K moves

If Black play 1. P to Kt 4th, 2. Kt takes P (ch); and if 1. B to Q 3rd, then 2. Kt to Kt 5th (ch), 2. K moves, 3. P mates.

PROBLEM No. 2536.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN NEWCASTLE.

Game played in the match between Messrs. HEYWOOD and BIRD. (Queen's Fianchetto Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt takes Kt, at once shutting the B out of play, was surely more correct.	
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	21. P to Q 4th	P to B 4th
3. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	22. Q P takes P	P takes P
4. B to K 3rd	Kt to Q R 3rd	23. P to Kt 5th	R to Q sq
5. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	24. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
6. Kt to K 2nd	P to K 2nd	25. Q to K B 4th	P to B 3rd
7. Castles	P to Kt 3rd	26. Q to K 3rd	Kt to B 2nd
8. Kt to Q 2nd	P to K R 4th	27. B to K 4th	B takes B
9. P to K B 3rd	Q to K 2nd	28. Q takes B	P to K 4th
10. P to Q R 4th		29. R to R sq	P to B 4th
	Kt to K R 3rd	30. Q to B 2nd	P to K 5th
11. P to R 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	31. Kt to Q 2nd	Q to Q 2nd
12. P to Q Kt 4th			
Without the greatest care this will also tend to weaken the Queen's side.		This wins his best Pawn. White has not played the ending so well as the early stages of the game, and the elder master now outplays him and scores in good style.	
13. Q to B 2nd	Kt to Kt sq	32. Kt to B sq	Q takes P
14. B takes B	B to K R 3rd	33. P to Q B 4th	Q to K sq
15. Q to Q 2nd	Kt takes B	34. Kt to K 3rd	Q to K 4th
	P to Q 4th	35. R to R 7th	R to Q Kt sq
Well played! For if he takes the P the K comes in with effect, and if P to K 5th, then Kt to K B 4th, &c.		36. Q to Q sq	Q to Q 5th
16. P takes P	Kt takes P	37. R to Q 7th	Q takes Q (ch)
17. P to R 5th	K to B sq	38. R takes Q	Kt to K 4th
18. P takes P		39. R to Q 5th	R to Kt 5th (ch)
Here, we think, P to R 6th gave White the better position, for in answer to B to B sq, Kt to K 5th, threatening at once Q B P and Kt to K B 4th, or B takes Kt P, according to Black's play.		40. K to R 2nd	K to Q 6th
	P takes P	41. R to Q 7th (ch)	K to B 3rd
19. R takes R (ch)	B takes R	42. Kt to Q 5th (ch)	K to K 4th
20. Kt to B 4th	K to Kt 2nd	43. R to Kt 7th	Kt takes P
21. R to K sq		44. R takes P	P to R 5th
		45. P to Kt 3rd	P takes P (ch)
		46. R takes P	R to Q B 8th
		47. Kt to Kt 6th	P to B 5th
		48. R to Kt 5th (ch)	K to Q 5th
		49. R to Q 5th (ch)	K to K 6th
		White resigns.	

The British Chess Company have designed a novelty which ought to prove useful to those who seek to beguile the tedium of a journey by rail or sea with a game of chess. The chessmen consist of discs bearing the various emblems of the pieces in high relief, and have substantial pegs to fit into corresponding holes in the board; the effect when they are placed in position being to give the appearance of an ordinary diagram. The convenience is obvious, and the workmanship is of a sound, substantial character. The inventors are the British Chess Company, Stroud, Gloucestershire.

The Chess Monthly for November contains a capital portrait of Mr. James Mortimer, whose reputation as a chess-player is only limited by the little leisure he devotes to the game. The absorbing character of his dramatic and literary pursuits has always prevented us from knowing how great a master lies concealed in his versatile intellect.

Mr. Joseph Ney Babson, the well-known American composer, announces for early publication a collection of problems under the title of "Pleasant Hours with the Chess-Board." The volume will contain a large variety of problems, curiosities, fancies, &c. Intending subscribers should address the author, P.O. Box 127, Montreal, Canada.

The Charterhouse Mission in Southwark, supported by the contributions and personal efforts of pupils of Charterhouse School, has commenced building, in Tabard Street, a chapel, clergy-house, club-rooms, class-rooms, and gymnasium, which will cost £7000. The foundation-stone was laid on Nov. 2 by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. The Bishop of Rochester and the Bishop of Southwark assisted in the ceremony with a religious service.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Apologies of that much-vexed question, the cause of or conditions favouring sleep, I observe a new explanation or theory has been advanced by Herr Rosenbaum. I was taught in my physiology class that, according to the views of Durham, the brain during sleep becomes anæmic, or bloodless-looking, while Dr. Hughlings Jackson showed that the optic disc in sleep is likewise anæmic, or at least much paler than during the waking state. The surface of the brain (when opportunity has occurred of seeing the organ of mind exposed, through accident, for instance) has been seen itself to grow paler on the advent of sleep; so that, although it is true excess of blood in the head will also produce unconsciousness, the normal and natural sleep seems to be accompanied at least by a condition leaning to the bloodless side of things. Dr. James Cappie, of Edinburgh, published some highly ingenious observations and views regarding the cause of sleep. He regarded the veins of the pia mater (one of the membranes enveloping the brain) as forming a reservoir ready "to" accommodate superfluous blood," or, contrariwise, "to afford space by yielding it up again." Then, taking into account the atmospheric pressure, Dr. Cappie formulated his theory of sleep by holding that when brain-work becomes lessened the circulation of blood in the brain in turn is also less active. Hereupon arises a change in the balance of the circulation, in producing which the weight of the atmosphere pressing backward on the veins of the organ "is an essential agent." Brain-circulation thus diminished, and the brain-vessels comparatively empty, "the proportion of blood in the veins is increased." Thus a change in the balance of active pressure is wrought out; "it is less from within and more on the surface; it is less expansive and more compressing"; and so the compression gives rise to the condition we know as sleep. This was Dr. Cappie's theory.

Of course, behind all theories of the mechanical action associated with sleep there lies the consideration of the nervous conditions themselves, which favour or determine the blood arrangements. I suppose the actual and exciting cause is fatigue of the brain-cells, and that some elaborate mechanism exists through which this fatigue is made to bring about alterations in the circulation is a very safe thing to assert. Herr Rosenbaum's idea of sleep is founded on nerve-fatigue as a cause, leading to an increase of the watery contents (or hydration) of the brain-cells. He puts the increase of water in inverse ratio to the activity of the cells. More water, less nervous irritability, and vice-versa. Chemical change in the cells, the result of nervous work, brings about a watery increase, which, like the water produced at large as part of the bodily waste, is eliminated by lungs, skin, and kidneys. But the chief escape of water from the nerve-tissue, Herr Rosenbaum alleges, must take place during sleep. It then escapes into the blood, he thinks; while into the nerve-cells there will pass, by way of change, nutritive matters from the blood. Sleep in this view is not merely restorative through rest; it is also directly nutritive, because of the nourishing matters which the nerve-cells are believed to receive. It is asserted that intelligence will be found also to stand in inverse ratio to the amount of water in the brain-cells; and on this view of things it can be explained why, with a larger proportion of watery constituents in the nerve-cells of the child, we should find the brain's powers husbanded, as it were, in the period of brain-growth. Such is the most recent theory of sleep. It remains to be seen, of course, whether or not Herr Rosenbaum's views will bear the test of the criticism they are certain to receive.

A correspondent reminds me that "scorpion oil" is a familiar remedy used in Italy for wounds of various kinds. The scorpions are simply drowned in the pure olive oil, and of course the virtues of the animals are believed to be transferred to the fluid. My correspondent says he has found the oil valuable—he does not say how or why. Personally, I should be very sceptical of any virtues scorpion oil possessed beyond the emollient effects of the oil itself. What substances ordinary oil could extract from the bodies of the scorpions I know not. They are not, at the best, very "soluble" things. Is not this scorpion-oil idea simply analogous to the "viper-fat" notion?—this fat being widely celebrated in some parts as an application for the cure of the viper's bite.

An old acquaintance of mine, the sea-serpent, has been recently met with off the West Coast of Africa. The passengers and crew of the steamer Angola are reported by the newspapers to have signed a document asserting this fact. This was, in my opinion, a very necessary action on their part, because so many people pooh-pooh the notion of any such animal existing—or, rather, that any gigantic marine beasts can mimic the "great unknown of the deep." On the occasion referred to, I learn, the animal was swimming about a mile off the coast. Its pace was estimated at about six miles an hour, and its length at 200 ft. It is said to have turned its head with great green eyes to have a look at the steamer. No fins or other means of progression were observed. It is a curious fact that in almost all sea-serpent tales the animal, whatever it may have been, is spoken of as swimming or lying on the surface of the water, in contradistinction to a mode of locomotion of dives and disappearances, alternated with risings to the surface; while there is often also described the lifting of what is believed to be its head from the surface of the sea.

Now, I think I can give my readers some clue to the identity of the big beast seen from the deck of the Angola. I regard the animal as having been not a serpent at all, but a big cuttle-fish, belonging to the octopus class, of course, but representing a different family group from that which includes the familiar "devil-fish" itself. The big cuttle-fishes belong to the squid family. They are familiar to every naturalist, and range from twenty to thirty feet long or more, as to body alone. The Newfoundland coast knows the big squids well. I suppose they visit that coast in search of the cod on which they prey. Imagine a body thirty feet long, with a big head and great staring eyes. Then think of this body sailing along at the surface, tail first, propelled by jets of water sent out from the "funnel" or breathing-tube of the animal. Next, add to the head the length of the eight sucker-bearing arms, say fifteen or twenty feet long, and of the other two arms, which are much longer than the rest. Finally, count in the wash made by the trailing arms, as the squid leisurely propels itself along the surface, and we easily get the circumstances which give to the animal a much greater apparent length than it really possesses, while all its movements will suggest those of a serpentine form. People, too, let us bear in mind, are not familiar with the cuttle-fishes. They do not know them as ordinary or common animals; still less do they know them as hugely developed creatures. Out of these very naturalistic materials, I think, we get the usual development of the great "sea-serpent."

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Mr. J. H. HERTHMAN, Endell Street and Wilson Street, London, W.C., Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes—

"Aug. 27, 1890.

"For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results.

"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application.

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude.

"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet, and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

Mr. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes—

"Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot; in the night it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about seven o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until five o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

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From a Justice of the Peace.

"About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

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From a Clergyman. "For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forbes Estate Maskellya, Ceylon, writes— "The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

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A. F. GARDINER, Esq. (A.A.A.; L.A.C. Spartan Harriers' Official Handicapper), writes— "After exercise it is invaluable for dispersing stiffness and aches. No athlete or cross-country runner should be without it."

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From the Jackley Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London.

"I was recommended by my friend 'Victorina' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

CYCLING.

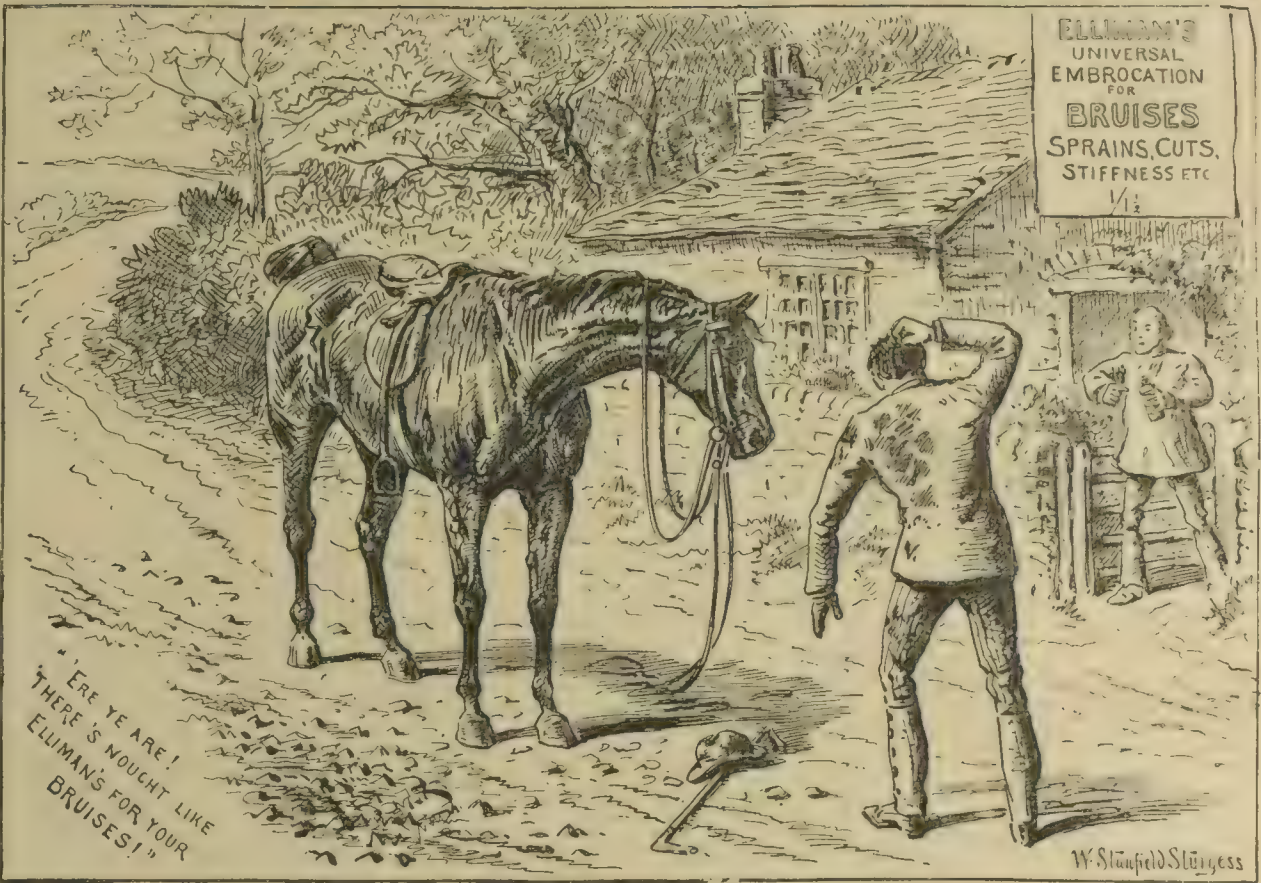
From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.

"I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

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"Lieut.-Colonel V. BLUMENTHAL, 2nd Dragoon Regiment."

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"R. J. STEPHENSON."

Mr. Cyril Jephson, New Zealand, writes—

"As secretary of the County Hunt Club of Ashburton, Canterbury, New Zealand, I send you this testimonial. Your Embrocation has proved better than any I have ever used—in fact, no stable is complete without it for wounds, strains, and bruises."

Mr. H. Nurse, Blackwater, near Riverton, Southland, New Zealand, writes—

"I can testify to the efficacy of your Embrocation, having used it on our stock for many years."

Mr. Thomas Lynett, Elderslie Street, Winton, Queensland, writes—

"May 27, 1890.

"We use in the racing stables, and I sell in my store, a quantity of your Embrocation."

Mr. W. F. Rorke, Groot Vlakke, District Somerset East, Cape Colony, South Africa, writes—

"May 13, 1890.

"I find your Embrocation most useful for rheumatism in horses."

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION. "AND IT I WILL HAVE, OR I WILL HAVE NONE."

ART NOTES.

The Royal Society of British Artists may be congratulated on their winter exhibition, as much upon the pictures to which, without favour, excellent positions have been honestly awarded as upon the example set to other societies to treat newcomers with generous appreciation. Mr. Adam Proctor's "Bridal of the Earth and Sky" is a work of more than ordinary promise, and, if we may judge by his other and smaller picture, "Early Blossoms," is not a happy accident, but the outcome of careful observation. Mr. R. W. Rouse is another comparatively young man, whose path the society has endeavoured to smooth. Mr. Julius Olsson's "Rippling Breeze" and Mr. J. L. Pickering's "Autumn Gust" are very different renderings of transient effects, and each, in its way, is excellent. Mr. Wyke Bayliss, as usual, displays his skill in evolving the exquisite tracery of Gothic cathedrals out of the mist which envelops their interiors, and it is interesting not only to follow his method of work, as shown in the group of drawings in the North-East Gallery, but to notice how essentially different is his treatment of the cold grey stone minsters of Germany as compared with the rich freestone of the French cathedrals. Mr. Arnold Priestman's "Windblown," Mr. J. M. Macintosh's "On the Kennet," Mr. Ayerst Ingram's "Winter," Mr. John R. Reid's "Storm," Mr. Yeend King's "Mill on the Ouse," Mr. H. Cauty's "Skitty Shore," Mr. Gilbert Foster's "Clovelly," and Mr. Louis Greer's "By the Solway" are among the most noteworthy of the landscapes, and show that among the British Artists there remains enough vigour to lead us to suppose the race to be not yet quite extinct. Mr. L. C. Henley, Mr. Glindoni, Mr. Lomax, Miss Flora Reid, and Mr. Bellingham Smith are distinguished among the figure and genre painters, while Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Reminiscences of Portugal," painted with his broadest effects of line and colour, serve to prove that the old society does not turn its back on the aspirations of the Newlyn school.

"Whence comes this great multitude of painters?" is the question which Mr. M. B. Huish, moved by wearied experience, pertinently asks in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*. The answer he finds is certainly not satisfactory to our national reputation for common-sense. The money which in 1837 was first asked for the establishment of a school of design, now multiplied a hundredfold, is devoted almost exclusively to the manufacture of picture-makers, of whom not one in a hundred is ever likely to rise above the level of fifth-rate mediocrity. Meanwhile, English manufacturers look in vain for the advent of those skilled designers and handicraftsmen whom they were told to expect, if only they, through their representatives in Parliament, would consent to vote each year increased sums for the Science and Art Department. Mr. Huish's indictment against that department is too serious to be allowed to pass without challenge from those who for the last twenty years have had the direction of the funds placed at the disposal of the Committee of Council on Education for the purpose of extending "a knowledge of the arts and of the principles of design among the people (especially the manufacturing population) of the country." No Minister of State, in office and out of office, has been louder in his glorification of the German and French technical schools than the President of the Board, who for many years was Vice-President of the Council on Education; but the whole

series of reports of the Science and Art Department, from which Mr. Huish condemns its administration, bears no evidence of the least attempt to restore the vote for art instruction to the purposes for which it was originally intended.

Mr. Huish insists strongly—supporting his arguments by official returns—that the one apparent aim of the South Kensington authorities is to discourage design and to encourage a flabby sort of art. It is argued on their behalf that art schools require, both in London and the provinces, the support of those who want to learn painting. So the State has to contribute not only in actual money but by training teachers who can show middle-class young ladies how to copy chromolithographs. Meanwhile, night classes at which artisans could attend are discouraged, except so far as they may be used for obtaining grants for subjects which are only of use if applied to the study and practice of design. For this application no teachers have been trained, or, if any have presented themselves, their claims to recognition have been set aside in favour of those who can teach freehand drawing, painting, and such like elegant accomplishments. The outcome of this instruction, which now costs the country about £130,000 a year—about one fourth of the total sum voted for the Science and Art Department—is "the great multitude of painters" (self-styled) who inundate every exhibition, and drive to despair the councils and committees which have to select work for exhibition. Is this the fruit which the British taxpayer wishes to see for his money, and will the British workman quietly stand by and see his employer send to France, Germany, and Italy for his designs and art work, because his workmen cannot be trained at home? These are the questions which Mr. Huish distinctly poses in this article, and to which the answer will not be long forthcoming when labour questions come to the front in Parliament.

The collection of pictures and drawings by Adolphe Hervier now on view at the Goupil Gallery (116, New Bond Street) is full of interest, even to those who do not rate his work so highly as a few enthusiasts. Hervier was a curious mixture of the romantic and realistic school of French art, of which Troyon, Rousseau, and Decamps were the pioneers, and of these and others we find traces in his work. His landscapes are often clever transcripts of nature; but in such an important work as the "Woodland Farm" (43) we miss the play of light among the foliage which is the charm of Rousseau's work, just as in the clever "Village by the River" (26) we fail to detect that delicate appreciation of atmosphere which marks Corot's landscapes. One of Hervier's chief characteristics was his variety—farmyards and cottage firesides, cathedrals and market-places, spring and winter effects on land and sea were all subjects for his brush or pencil, and over each he threw a pleasant glamour, not altogether individual, but attractive. The "Old Market-Place" (10) of some Normandy town, as rich in its colouring as a work by Decamps, is not less carefully finished than his "Old Houses" (8), plastered with weather-beaten stucco, on which the full blaze of a midday sun is falling. As a rule—except in the notable instance of the "Boats Stranded" (40), a very perfect bit of atmospheric effect—his fishing-boats are somewhat exaggerated in size and shape, and overweigh their surroundings; but in his smaller sketches and studies, of which there are upwards of fifty, these defects are not so apparent. But we cannot help asking, if Hervier was so consummate an artist as the compiler of the catalogue would

have us believe, how comes it that his fellow-countrymen have allowed his works to be exported in this wholesale fashion?

Surprise has often been expressed that there is not in Paris a Lady Artists' Club, somewhat on the lines of the Music Students' Cercle at Milan. The establishment of a meeting-place has now been determined by a committee, comprising several well-known names, under the patronage of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, and it is hoped that social gatherings will take place from time to time during the winter.

The Local Government Board has issued an order permitting boards of guardians to allow tobacco-smoking or snuff-taking by pauper inmates of workhouses who are not able-bodied, or who are employed in specially disagreeable work.

The retirement of Sir George Petre, the British Minister in Portugal, from the diplomatic service, at the end of this year, occasions several other changes in that service. His place at Lisbon is to be filled by Sir H. Macdonell, who is to be succeeded at Copenhagen by Mr. C. S. Scott, whereupon Mr. F. R. St. John becomes Minister at Berne, and Mr. E. Fane, First Secretary at Constantinople, goes to Belgrade as Minister.

The foundation-stone of a new institution for the deaf and dumb, at Derby, was laid on Nov. 3 by the Duchess of Devonshire, and the Duke of Devonshire made a speech on the occasion. The Mayors of Derby and Leicester, the Bishops of Southwell and Derby, Lord Scarsdale, Lord and Lady Denman, and Sir Henry Wilmot were present. The building, which will cost £12,000, is to accommodate sixty boys and forty girls.

A new first-class battle-ship, H.M.S. Royal Oak, one of ten constructed under the Naval Defence Act of 1889, was launched on Nov. 5 in the building-yard of Messrs. Laird Brothers at Birkenhead. This ship, constructed entirely of mild steel, with double bottom and watertight compartments, has an armour-plate belt 18 in. thick, and a protective steel deck; she will carry four 67-ton guns and ten six-inch guns. The engines, of 9000-horse power, natural draught, working twin-screw propellers, will give a speed of sixteen knots an hour.

On the occasion of the Lady Mayoress's last reception, a very graceful compliment was paid to her daughters by Mrs.



Treloar, who presented the three eldest with gold Welsh harp brooches set with remarkably fine

Oriental pearls, and the youngest with a dainty little gold safety-pin brooch, adorned with a similar harp in miniature. Mrs. Treloar's choice of a souvenir was particularly happy and appropriate, as may

be seen by the accompanying illustrations, which, though they give some idea of the charming design of the brooches, cannot adequately convey the beauty of the pearls, which must be seen to be appreciated. Messrs. Wilson and Gill, of 134, Regent Street, W., are the makers of these beautiful ornaments, and they must be congratulated on the artistic taste and perfect workmanship displayed.

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TESTIMONIALS.

COLDS.

The Rev. CANON FLEMING, B.D., writes from The Residence, York, Sept. 7, 1892: "Canon Fleming has pleasure in stating that he has used the Carbolic Smoke Ball with great success. Its use not only checked the progress of a heavy cold in its earlier stages, and removed it, but has prevented it from going down into the chest, and preserved his voice for his public duties."

The Hon. CHANDOS LEIGH, O.C., Counsel to the Speaker of the House of Commons, states (January 1892) that the Carbolic Smoke Ball had been most efficacious in the cure of a cold, both in his own case and in that of his servant.

CATARRH.

General PLAYFAIR writes from 44, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, W., Oct. 8, 1892: "I have derived the greatest possible benefit from your Carbolic Smoke Ball, which I have been using for Catarrh, and I shall be happy to recommend it to my friends."

The Rev. Dr. LUNN writes from 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W., Nov. 16, 1891: "I have much pleasure in testifying to the great value of your Carbolic Smoke Ball. It has been used in my household with the best results in cases of bad Catarrh."

ASTHMA.

CHARLES MOORE, Esq., writes from Sunnyside, Birchington, Westgate-on-Sea, Oct. 9, 1891: "Your Carbolic Smoke Ball has afforded immense relief to my wife, who has suffered severely from Bronchial Asthma. When I bought the Ball she was unusually bad, and it acted like magic."

Miss HUDDLESTON writes from Walmersley House, near Bury, Lancashire, Oct. 15, 1891: "Miss Huddleston is finding the Carbolic Smoke Ball a blessing for Asthma. She is very glad to say it is doing her a great deal of good when hope had almost gone."

THE VOICE.

Madame ADELINA PATTI writes from Craig-y-Nos Castle, July 10, 1891: "Madame Patti has found the Carbolic Smoke Ball very beneficial indeed."

Dr. JAMES CLARK writes from Laurel Bank, Headingley, Leeds, Oct. 4, 1892: "Professor Clark depends greatly on the Carbolic Smoke Ball when he is lecturing, and, as he has commenced the present session with a bad cold, he will be glad to have his Ball refilled, and returned as soon as possible."



BRONCHITIS.

Dr. H. G. DARLING, M.D., writes from Linden Cottage, Shepherd's Well, Kent, April 18, 1892: "I had used the Carbolic Smoke Ball only a few times when it gave me immediate relief—although I am eighty-three years of age, and have suffered more than one-third of that time from Bronchitis complicated with Asthma."

General FASKE writes from 214, Cromwell Road, S.W., Jan. 10, 1891: "The Carbolic Smoke Ball has proved most beneficial to two members of my family, who are constant sufferers from severe colds and Bronchitis."

SORE THROAT.

The Rev. H. S. VLAKO TURNER writes from Potter Hamworth, near Lincoln, Nov. 25, 1891: "I have derived very great benefit already from the use of the Carbolic Smoke Ball for my throat."

The Rev. Dr. HITCHENS writes from 90, Gloucester Street, Belgravia, S.W., Jan. 1, 1891: "Your Carbolic Smoke Ball relieved the head and throat to a large extent."

DEAFNESS.

J. HARGRAVES, Esq., of Manchester, writes, Aug. 28, 1891: "Since using the Carbolic Smoke Ball I can hear my watch tick three or four inches away, which I have not done for months."

Mrs. KINGSLEY writes from the High House, Woking Village, May 4, 1892: "I am most thankful to be able to say that my hearing still continues to improve, so I am anxious not to miss using the Carbolic Smoke ball even for a day. The Catarrh has entirely disappeared."

NEURALGIA.

Mrs. WRIGLEY writes from New Wandsworth, S.W., March 12, 1892: "The Carbolic Smoke Ball has entirely removed the terribly acute neuralgic headaches from which I have suffered for years. I am much stronger in my throat and health generally since using the ball."

Mrs. ARTHUR WEGUELIN writes from 25, Charles Street, W.: "She has found the Carbolic Smoke Ball a most excellent remedy against, and cure for, Colds and Neuralgia."

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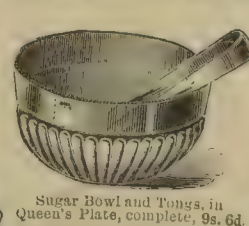
Revolving Dish, in Queen's Plate, 10-in., £5 10s.; 11-in., £6 6s.; 12-in., £7 15s.



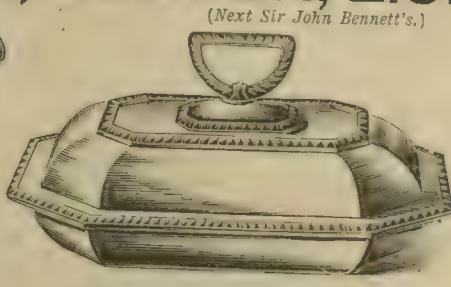
Butter Dish, with Cut Glass Lining, Queen's Plate, 21s. Solid Silver, 55s.



Luncheon or Breakfast Cruet, in Queen's Plate, with Cut Glass Bottles, £2 5s.



Sugar Bowl and Tongs, in Queen's Plate, complete, 9s. 6d.



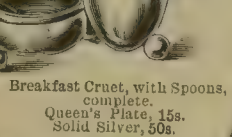
Entrée Dish, Antique Gadroon Mounts, Queen's Plate, 70s.

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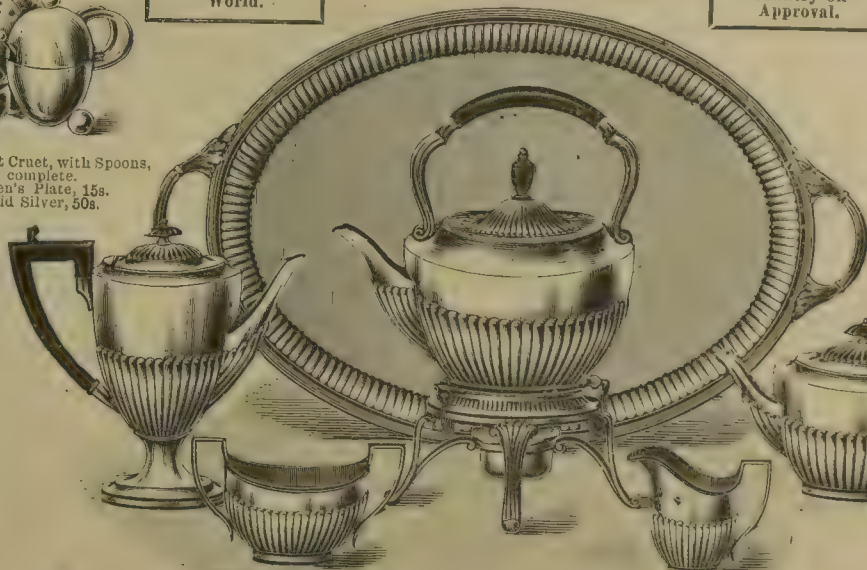
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Queen's Plate, £8 17s. 6d. Solid Silver, £17 17s.

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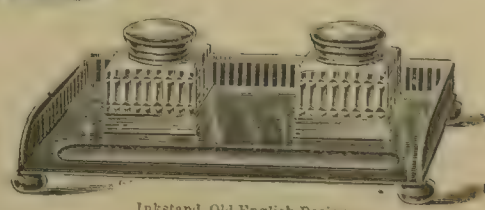
220, REGENT STREET, W.



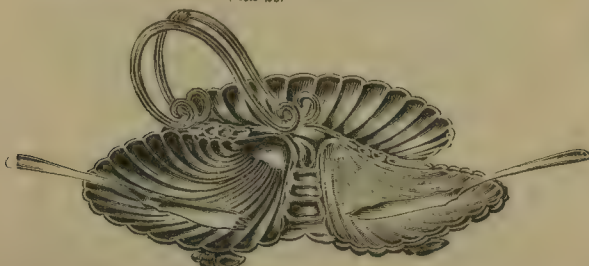
Cut Glass Pepper Grinder, mounted Queen's Plate, 16s. Solid Silver, 33s.



Corinthian Column Candlesticks, height 6 in. Queen's Plate, 40s. per pair. Solid Silver, £5 15s. "



Inkstand, Old English Design, Queen's Plate, £2 10s. Solid Silver, £9 9s.



Biscuit, Butter, and Cheese Stand, in Queen's Plate, £1 15s.; Gilt inside, £2.

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The Lord Mayor of London, on Sunday, Nov. 6, opened the Mansion House to a large company of visitors connected with the Sunday Society and the National Sunday League. At several churches and chapels in London and in the country sermons were preached in favour of opening museums and picture-galleries on Sundays. Some public and private galleries and studios of eminent artists were thrown open on the same day.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Brighton is at its best in precisely the murky weather when London is most gloomy and foggy and muggy and generally miserable. Brighton might have been invented to make life tolerable for residents of the Metropolis, for that it should be at once one of the most sunny and sheltered spots that can be found in our island, and also the most accessible from London, seems too good to be fortuitous. Every sea wind—S., S.E., or S.W.—is fairly mild there, though the prevailing winter wind, the S.W., is often very strong, and blows the dust out of the town and out of the visitors' lungs in grand style. The colder winds are to some extent kept off by the Downs at the back. It must be sadly added that those Down winds, passing to the sea above multitudinous lines of chimney-stacks, bring over the front a cloud of smoke that occasionally makes one feel that one might as well be in London. Some day, let us hope, the question of domestic smoke-prevention will be grappled with in earnest. It could be nowhere more successfully done as a beginning than in just such a town as Brighton, where the entire prosperity depends on keeping the place healthy and agreeable to visitors. Great cost is undertaken by the town in such matters as making new sheltered walks and lawns; but all this will avail little if we Londoners come down to find here the coal smoke and fog from which we are trying to escape. In this age a curious preference is being shown for paying our way through the medium of rates and taxes. If a bill passed Parliament requiring every landlord or householder to provide his own house with smoke-consuming ranges it might produce organised resistance; but for any given town council to do it out of the rates would not be any more costly or probably any more unpopular than many existing arrangements which are accepted as natural public expenses. A pleasure town that grows so large as Brighton has done is in great danger of losing its prosperity from the very excess of it. Already Brighton does not receive the same patronage that it had even seven or ten years ago. The wealthy and fashionable, who have leisure and means to go where they please, do not come as they did. The church parade on Sunday reveals this to the observant eye. Why, then, in a business spirit, should not Brighton try the experiment of compelling the use of smoke-consuming grates?

'There are such things already as simple and economical

grates to burn up domestic coal completely, without pouring out floods of smoke from the chimney; and were the demand stimulated, no doubt plenty of varieties of them would be forthcoming—grates which would allow us to keep our favourite open fireplaces without wasting coal in smoke sent out to choke our own atmosphere, as is done by our present extremely primitive arrangements in that direction. In great towns—not London alone, but also such places as Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, and many more—the question of smoke-prevention is probably of more real consequence to the public health than that of the much considered drainage. The annual mortality from lung diseases in this country is far greater than from the whole tribe of infectious fevers. Bronchitis, pneumonia, and consumption do not always come from coal-fogs, certainly; but in a very large proportion of cases they are the direct result of the foul atmosphere of a big town. The fatal nature of that atmosphere may be seen by anybody who watches for the effect of a London fog of two or three days' duration on the returns of the mortality of the Metropolis. The summer death-rate of London is only 17 or 18 per thousand: in winter a fog raises it to 30, 35, or 40 for the week in which the calamity falls. This rise in the deaths, of course, indicates a far larger number of persons thrown on a sick-bed, and suffering horribly, but ultimately recovering. A fever epidemic is nothing in comparison. Yet the question of how to guard the public health from these needless lung epidemics receives no attention from our legislators and sanitarians. It is a matter for legislation. We housewives can do nothing till the law makes our landlords supply us with proper grates; but if that happy state of affairs could be arranged, we should not fail to attend to them properly, for even those of our number who do not think of the public health would highly appreciate not having domestic decorations and prettinesses spoiled by smoky fog.

As regards dress on the parade, one of the most striking points is the unsuitability of the costume of most old ladies. The majority of them are decidedly dowdy. Those who are not so have too often a way of dressing in light colours and airy styles. It was a treat to see one lady of sixty or so dressed in perfect taste: her gown was of striped silk, in two shades of green—a plain stripe of olive-green and one of shaded tones of the same colour alternating, and at the foot of each plain stripe there was a trimming of a little cluster of cock's feathers, the glistening greens of which suitably lit up the darker stripes. Her mantle was an ample and fashionable three-quarter

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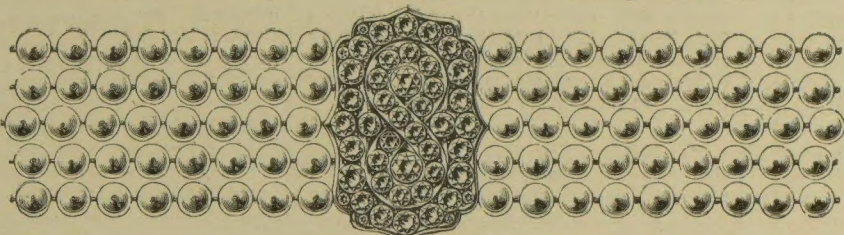
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 To Trustees of Wesleyan Chapel, St. Stephen's-by-Launceston, in aid of Local Preachers' Fund 10
 To the British and Foreign Bible Society 50
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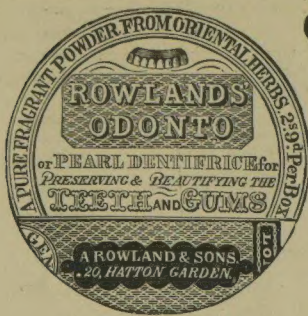
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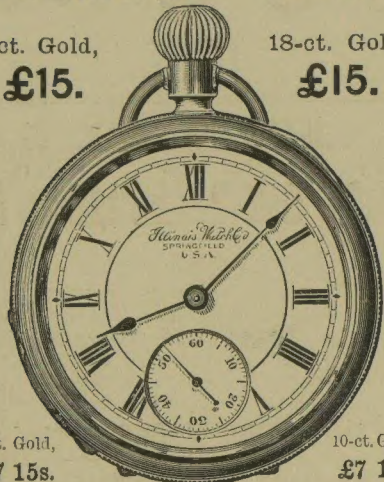
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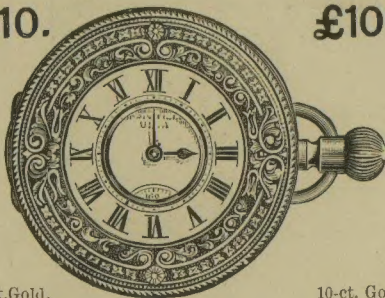
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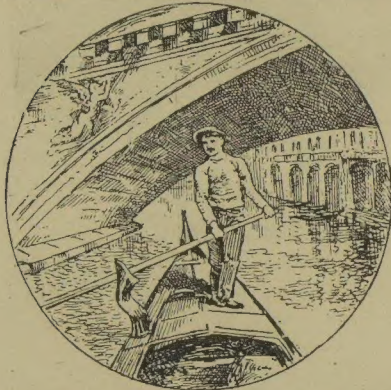
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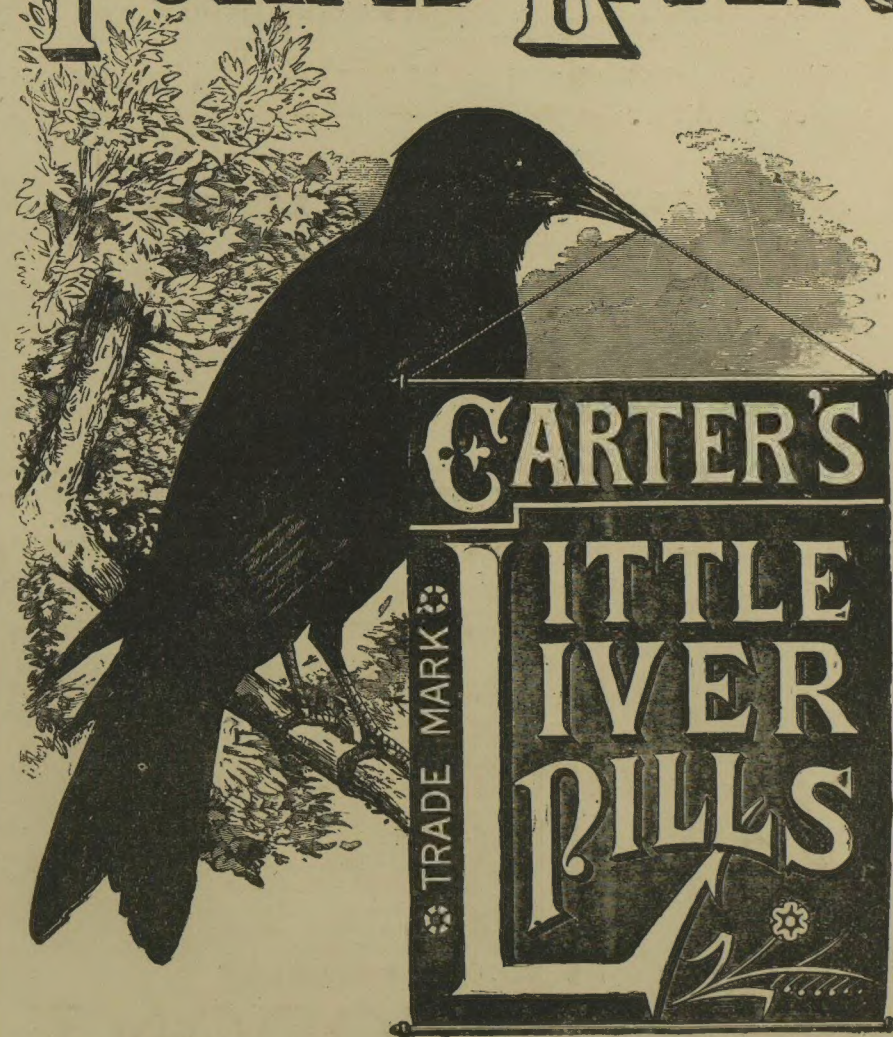
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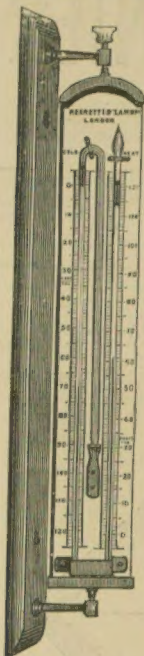
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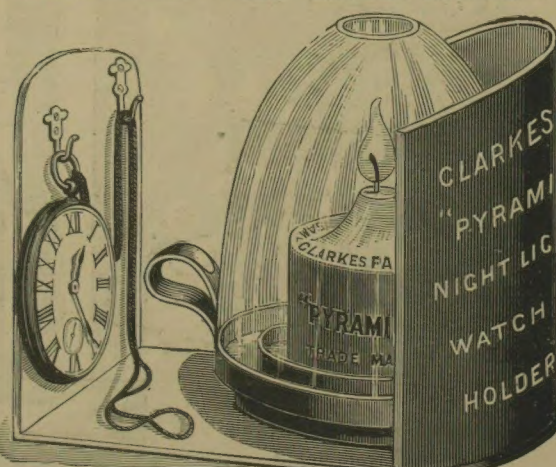
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